

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
No. 10459 & P.
1880.
CITY OF WASHINGTON

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPORTING and CRIMINAL NEWS
SUSPENSES, CRIMES, AND MISDEMEANORS

Copyrighted for 1880, by RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, William and Spruce Streets, New York City.

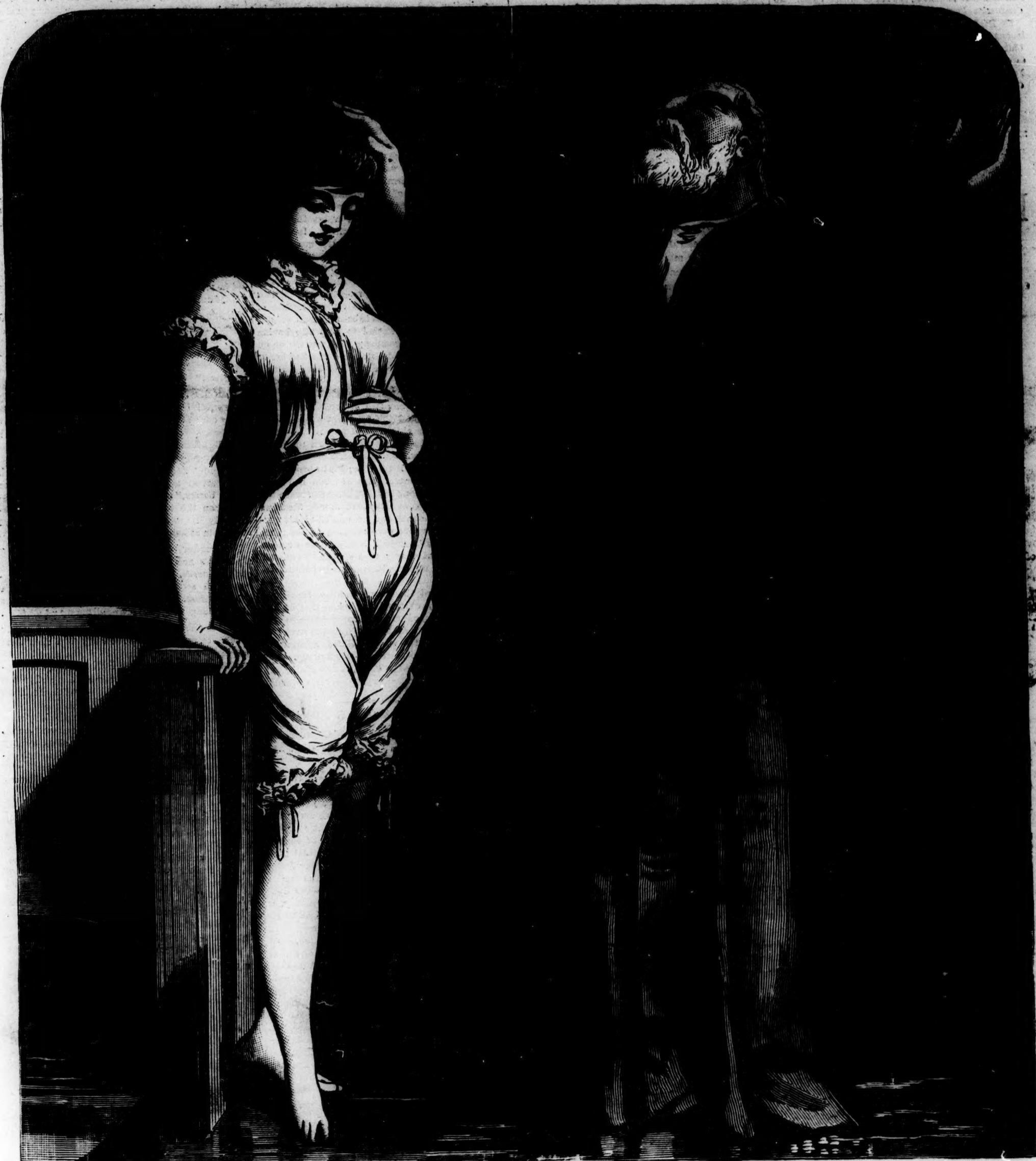
Vol. XXXVII.—No. 160.

{ RICHARD K. FOX.
William & Spruce Sts., }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1880.

{ \$4.00 Per Year,
1.00 " Quarter. }

Price Ten Cents.



THE MIKVAH—A CHRISTIAN MAIDEN'S BAPTISM INTO JUDAISM—WINNING A SPOUSE OUT OF AN EAST SIDE CELLAR—SACRIFICING FAITH ON CUPID'S ALTAR.—SEE PAGE 6.



The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:
183 William Street, Cor. Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, October 16, 1880.

Terms of Subscription.
One copy, one year.....\$4.00
One copy, six months.....2.00
One copy, three months.....1.00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.
Postage paid to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters
must be addressed to the publisher, 183 William street,
(P. O. Box 40) New York city.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered
letter or Post Office money order.

CAUTION.

The POLICE GAZETTE of New York has no connection with imitations, and has no branch offices. No commission allowed to Postmasters or Clerks.

The POLICE GAZETTE is now considered the leading Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational paper in the United States. The public are requested to be particular in asking for the POLICE GAZETTE of New York. The Trade supplied by THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY or any of its branches.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher Police Gazette
183 William Street, N. Y.

NOW READY.

FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

Containing Portraits, in Stage Costume, of all the Leading American and European Actresses.

FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

Is the Handsomest and Only Book of its Kind Ever Published in America.

FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES

Contains portraits of Sarah Bernhardt, Adele Neilson, Minnie Palmer, Pauline Markham, Mabel Santley, Jennie Calef, Mattie Vickers, Lena French, Belle Howitt, Maude Moore, Mlle. Bonfanti, Mlle. Minzelli, Jennie Yeaman, and other noted stage celebrities. Sent by mail on receipt of 33 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
Or any of its Branches.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

S., Thayer's Corners, N. Y.—Communication of no use. F. W. R., Des Moines, Ia—Could not make use of sketch. Will be pleased to hear from you again.

C. B. and B. D., Mankato, Minn.—The matter which you refer to would not be worth publishing.

W. W. V., Asheville, N. C.—We want you and all of our correspondents to understand that we do not pay a cent for newspaper clippings. Original matter is what we want.

H. P., Troy, N. Y.—Your veracity is only equaled by your "cheek." Take a salt water bath twice a day; it may prove beneficial. Your communication would discredit a schoolboy.

J. B. T., Philadelphia.—Appreciate your style. Cannot make any arrangements for special articles, at present, without detriment to our regular news columns. Therefore, must decline your offer.

J. M., Rochester, N. Y.—You can always obtain back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE at this office. The History of the Prize Ring in America and "The" Allen's Life are now running, with added attraction each week.

C. N., Cincinnati, O.—"Glimpses of Gotham" is conceded to be the most faithful reflex of New York life ever published. Light is thrown on many dark places. You will find this excellent book a genuine literary feast.

G. M., Owatonna, Minn.—We cannot be responsible for our advertisers. We shall investigate your case, and if we find the party a fraud, will show him up. You may have made a mistake in addressing your letter. See last week's POLICE GAZETTE, under answers to sporting correspondence.

B. B., Freeport, Ill.—The POLICE GAZETTE and the imitating sheet referred to are as distinct as day and night. The GAZETTE is published at 183 William street, New York, and is universally acknowledged to be the best illustrated sensational and sporting paper published. We only endorse the popular verdict, and constantly strive to prove worthy of it.

HOW TEMPERANCE IS PROMOTED.

For some years past a movement has been in progress to suppress intemperance, and the evils which are the direct and indirect result thereof. In New York state, as also in some others, the movement has resulted in the formation of societies, the avowed object of which is the promotion of temperance. However good this may be in the abstract, certain it is that in New York state at least, it has resulted in that which it cannot be supposed even the organizers of the societies contemplated. In other words, it is utilized by unscrupulous men to levy blackmail under cover of law. These rascals, for such they are, generally work on the principle, that temperance, like many other things falls under the head of "every body's business," and is therefore "nobody's business," and that they can carry on their system of blackmail with impunity. This is so far true, that heretofore they have escaped their just deserts, and having grown bold with their long continued immunity from punishment they do not hesitate to go to any extreme to squeeze the last dollar out of their victims.

The excise law of this state provides certain penalties for selling liquor without a license, or selling liquor contrary to the terms of the license which may be granted to the vendor. But very few liquor dealers, and in fact but very few lawyers are conversant with the letter of the law, while the so-called "agents" of the different temperance societies have it at their fingers' end. In this they have an immense advantage, and they also possess an advantage in the fact that in nine cases out of ten these agents are irresponsible parties, who gull their employers by garbled reports of the "good work" they have done.

Respectable liquor dealers, as a rule, are averse to litigation, and there are but few, who, when pounced upon by the harpies, would not rather pay \$25 or \$50 than to fight their case in court. For this they have only themselves to blame, for it is rare that a dealer selling under a license could not successfully fight any action which these human vultures might bring against them. Besides this, the payment of money to these agents is no bar to any action which another might bring against the dealer, for these men have no right to collect one single penny or to compromise or settle an action in any way, without an order of the court. Money thus paid is literally thrown in the gutter, for these agents put it in their own pocket, rendering an account therefor to no one.

This is stealing on the sneak plan, and the levying of blackmail, under the temperance movement, could quickly be stopped if the liquor dealers would only take a determined stand in the matter, and fight every action brought against them.

In order to place liquor dealers on their guard against the men who now "bleed" them copiously, the GAZETTE has investigated their *mota operandi*. In the first place, a detective, or, more properly, a "spy," is sent out with instructions to obtain evidence against all the liquor dealers within a prescribed district. This spy is provided with a number of small flasks, or vials. On entering a saloon this skinflint calls for a drink, and is served by the unsuspecting bar-tender. Before drinking, the spy pays, and receives his change. He then takes the liquor, but instead of swallowing it he holds it in his mouth, and hastily goes to the closet. There he spits the liquor into a vial, and then saunters out. In this way "evidence" is secured against a number of dealers in a day.

The spy reports to the attorney of the society, and that worthy takes steps to prosecute the dealer. The law of New York state requires that before an individual can bring suit he must serve a notice on the overseer of the poor and furnish him with the evidence, requiring that official to bring the action. If he neglects to do so within ten days, then an individual can sue in the name of the overseer. It is seldom that the overseer pays any attention to the notice, and the attorney, the moment the ten days expire, commences an action by serving a summons on the liquor dealer. There is no complaint served with the summons, and many of the dealers, unconscious of having violated any law, pay no attention to the paper. Not so the attorney. He watches, like a cat does a mouse, for the expiration of the twenty days within which the liquor dealer may appear and defend. As soon as the time is up, the attorney obtains an order of reference from the court, the spy swears he has bought the liquor and that the dealer has violated the law, and in a short time a judgment is docketed against the negligent dealer. The first intimation the dealer has of this is a visit from the sheriff, with an execution against his property. The dealer probably says he has no property, and the sheriff returns the execution unsatisfied. This is what the temperance attorney wants. Immediately he issues his execution against the person, and the dealer is arrested, and locked up. Once in jail the attorney calls upon him and asks what he will pay to get out. He will generally take what he can get, and whatever it is, he puts it in his pocket; instead of turning it over to the county treasurer as the law directs.

On the other hand, if the dealer fights the case, the temperance attorney endeavors to compromise the matter, being well aware that a determined fight would almost always result in his having to pay the dealer's attorney the costs of the suit.

The whole proceeding is an outrage on justice and a parody on law; but so long as dealers fail to maintain their rights, so long will they have to pay tribute to these pests, who make their living by blackmail.

SMIRCHING THE CLOTH.

Two Methodist Clergymen Whose Lust Overcame Their Piety—They Could Not Overcome the Flesh and the Devil.

Two persons—Rev. E. A. Eadsley, of Second charge, Johnstown District, and Rev. R. J. White, of the same district, were allowed to withdraw from the Pittsburgh M. E. Conference last week, at Uniontown, Pa., "under charge of gross immorality." Rev. Eadsley is he who was known to be on terms of criminal intimacy with a daughter of a clergyman at Johnstown. The case of White is of some local interest, and will be remembered as having been heard in its preliminary investigation at Derry, Pa., after the conference held in Lawrenceville having investigated White's character and relieving him of his charge. Rev. H. C. Beacon, Presiding Elder in Mr. White's church, called for an investigation, and White was sent to Rev. White, settling the 16th of March last as the time and Derry the place at which he was expected to answer the charges of kissing Esther Ross, proposing to Allie Ross that she accompany him to a private place, and the third and crowning offense of committing a rape on one Mrs. Munson.

Mr. White engaged B. C. Christy, Esq., to defend him, and the two latter, knowing that the laws of the church would not permit an attorney to take part in the affair, gained the assistance of Rev. E. M. Wood, pastor of the Centenary Church, who conducted the defense under the advice of Mr. Christy. The trial at Derry was the virtual settlement of it, and no witnesses or defense is permitted before the conference. A full record is taken of the preliminary hearing, and the case is decided by the conference on this. The case was tried twelve miles from where the offense was alleged to have been committed. It was run through in one day. No specific notice was given of what was to be charged. These combined circumstances are set forth by the friends of Mr. White as showing the illiberality of the hearing, and the disadvantages he labored under in presenting his claim for acquittal. At the hearing the representations of Esther and Alice Ross proved to be of no great weight. The "private place" referred to as White having invited the latter to accompany him was the organ loft, where the accused admitted he had asked her to go and try a new instrument that had been recently purchased.

Mrs. Munson's story was more criminating. She said the offense was committed winter before last. It was a cold night, and the family had been sitting about the fire. The children had gone to bed—there were five of them, two being quite grown up. Mrs. Munson was a widow. Mr. White had been stopping at the house for some little time; his bed-room was adjoining the sitting room. Mrs. Munson had some irons heated at the fire for the purpose of warming his bed, and as she went into the room with the irons he followed her, she said, and accomplished his purpose by force. Her sons were sleeping in the room overhead, but heard nothing. She gave as a reason for making no loud outcry that she had a son who was simple, and any excitement made him uncontrollable.

Mr. White denied the charges in toto. He alleged as a motive for the charge being made that he had seen some suspicious circumstances between the woman and another man, and she feared to have him tell his story first. The case, as stated, went up to the conference on the record of this hearing. Rev. White is a brother of Judge White, of Pittsburg, and has always been looked upon as an estimable gentleman.

A WOMAN'S FINANCIAL SCHEME.

A Bank Patronized Only by Unmarried Women—A Rate of Interest That Pays Big—Is It a Swindle?

Boston is shaken up by a financial sensation which smacks more of Munchausen and Monte Cristo than the plain, unvarnished tale of a modern journalist. For some years, a corporation known as "The Ladies' Deposit Company," a private bank operated exclusively by women, and for the benefit of women, has been doing business in some of the quiet back streets of "the Hub," but did not attract particular attention until within a few months, when a reporter discovered that depositors received the astounding interest of 8 per cent. per month for their money, or \$96 per year for every \$100. The bank offered to receive sums of not less than \$35 and not more than \$1,000 from any unmarried working-woman, and pay interest at the rate already given. After a good deal of trouble, the newspapers discovered that the manager was Mrs. E. C. Howe, who represents herself as belonging to a rich southern family, and who has been engaged in philanthropic business, according to good authentication, for fifteen years. She did not evince much disposition to answer questions, but the reporters became aware that depositors not alone received the fabulous interest of 96 per cent., but actually obtained a fourth of it in advance. The city journals made a fierce assault on the whole business, denouncing it as a swindle which had the effect of causing a run on the bank. All demands were met promptly, but those who withdrew forfeited forever the benefits derived from depositing with the institution. While hundreds drew out their money, other hundreds, admiring the nerve shown by the women, put in some more. This equalized the chances of the bank, and, up to date, it has refused to fail.

"WELL, I'm getting about tired of this 'ere life," said an ultra specimen of the genus *tramp* "Going half-starved one day and drenched to the skin another; sleeping one night in a barn, and the next night under a hedge and the third in the lock-up, this life isn't what it used to be. Tell yer what 'tis, boys, if it wasn't fur the looks of the thing, I'd go to work."

"ISN'T it lovely, Robinson," said Miss Fitzjoy,

as she daintily held up her skirts 'rom the morning dew, "to see the handiwork of nature in the ripening

of the crops?" "The sun and rain combine to give us the fruitage of the soil—" "Yes, ma'am, and the marketmen combine to cheat us out of the value of it. Why, green corn ain't bringing nothing, potatoes don't pay for digging, and you've got to give apples away."

DE man or woman, Christian or sinner, who can't visit de theatre widout feelin' wicked over it or widout bein' hurt by it, had better hang up on a pole 'longside o' dried apples. DE man who emigates dat de Lawd put him on earth to carry a face like a Dutch cheese and to shut his soul up like an oyster, has no bizness to turn aroun' an' tell odder folks how happy ange's are in heaven. As to hoss racin', it kin be card to extremes, de same as lots ob o'er fings, but when I due' a man who turus away from a quarrel race, whar de boss hoss am gwine to win, I set him down as a chap who serves de Lawd on Sunday an' beats de grocer an' boocher doolin' de balance of de week.

SEASONING.

A TEXAN girl, having fallen out with her lover, sent him the following lines, which are expressive, if not beautiful:

There's a land that is hotter than this,
Where never a collar will stand;
Where the people all bubble and hiss—
O, go to that beautiful land.

MANY a mother sings "Where is my boy to-night?" Dear woman, you cannot help it, but your boy is chewing tobacco on the street corners, learning to be a hoodlum and an influential politician.

"IF you want to avoid taking a hot brick to bed with you, just remember that St. Louis girls are in the matrimonial market.—Monitor. We prefer the hot brick.—Register. So would the girl.—Illinois State Journal.

A MAN in Joliet, Ill., sold his wife for \$10; and now he wants to return half of the money to ease his conscience. He says he would have no compunctions about cheating a man in a horse trade, but this is too tough on the purchaser.

A MAN in Iowa has been arrested for assaulting his own wife, and he was found guilty, even though it was shown that he only stuffed her mouth full of putty when he wanted to go to sleep. Do men have no rights at all?

THEY were on their wedding tour, and she said: "Darling, why did you choose me?" "I saw you sweeping the library one day. "Then you chose me because I did not disdain the broom?" "No, because you couldn't handle it well."

"O, MR. LINGERIE, you've got on your freckled stockings!" exclaimed a sweet child on the Ocean House piazza, where that gentleman was the centre of an admiring feminine group, "and Cousin Julia says they just match your complexion."

A MEDDLESOME old woman was scowling at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said: "I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue, either," was the quiet rejoinder.

THE following letter was received by a undertaker recently from an afflicted widower: "Surely my wif is ded and wants to be berried to-morrow at wener klok. U nose wair to dig the Hole—by the sid of my other two wifes—let it be deep."

WHEN a Vermont farmer came in and said he had been hooked by the bull, he didn't seem to appreciate his wife's sympathetic inquiry: "Oh, John, did he tear your nice new pants?" for he replied, "No, dum he; I wish it was the pants he hurt."

A NEGRO preacher described hell as ice-cold, where the wicked froze to all eternity. When asked why, he said, "Cause I don't dare to tell dem people nothin' else. Why, if I say hell is warm, some of dem ole rheumatic niggas be wantin' to start down dar de fus' frost."

WOMEN with banged hair are deceitful. They cover up their show of intelligence, and a man will marry one of them, expecting to have a good-natured fool for a wife; but she'll turn out smarter than chain lightning, and make him dance all the household-horn-pipes.

IN the "raquet," a new dance, you "grab your partner around the waist and glue her to your manly bosom," and the dance contains more hugging than the waltz. And yet some idiots are asking: "Is life worth living?" It is worth living all over again as long as such dances are popular.

No, reader, you are mistaken. When King Alphonso's new baby has the colic they may order out the guards, but they don't charge the royal canon with soothing syrup and shoot it down the child's throat. When anything ails the precious little darling they cure it by getting up a bull fi. ht.

"QUEEN VICTORIA has declared war on bangs." Mr. Evarts, are you asleep? Even now a fleet from that magnificent British navy is on the briny headed agai st our bangs! Consult with Secretary Thompson at once, and run a scow or something out to the protection of Vassar College. Why this criminal apathy?

JOHNNY's father is a professional jury-man and talks about his business at the dinner table. Johnny goes to Sunday school. The other Sunday the teacher asked him what Cain did when God accused him of being his brother's murderer? "He didn't nuffin but fixed it with the jury," was the startling reply that struck the teacher's ear.

"WELL, I'm getting about tired of this 'ere life," said an ultra specimen of the genus *tramp* "Going half-starved one day and drenched to the skin another; sleeping one night in a barn, and the next night under a hedge and the third in the lock-up, this life isn't what it used to be. Tell yer what 'tis, boys, if it wasn't fur the looks of the thing, I'd go to work."

"ISN'T it lovely, Robinson," said Miss Fitzjoy, as she daintily held up her skirts 'rom the morning dew, "to see the handiwork of nature in the ripening of the crops?" "Yes, ma'am, and the marketmen combine to cheat us out of the value of it. Why, green corn ain't bringing nothing, potatoes don't pay for digging, and you've got to give apples away."

DE man or woman, Christian or sinner, who can't visit de theatre widout feelin' wicked over it or widout bein' hurt by it, had better hang up on a pole 'longside o' dried apples. DE man who emigates dat de Lawd put him on earth to carry a face like a Dutch cheese and to shut his soul up like an oyster, has no bizness to turn aroun' an' tell odder folks how happy ange's are in heaven. As to hoss racin', it kin be card to extremes, de same as lots ob o'er fings, but when I due' a man who turus away from a quarrel race, whar de boss hoss am gwine to win, I set him down as a chap who serves de Lawd on Sunday an' beats de grocer an' boocher doolin' de balance of de week.

LIFE'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

AN \$800 diamond ring floated away from Lafayette, Ind. A child tied it to the string of a toy balloon, and let go.

A WOMAN at Quincy, Ill., seeing her husband about to be shot, dodged before him and received the bullet in her heart.

A SAN FRANCISCO servant girl made \$10,000 in stocks and in one afternoon purchased 600 different articles at a dollar store.

A SANDOVAL girl, about to be married, committed suicide because her father had said if she married she must forever quit his house.

Two runaway girls from near Webster City, aged fourteen and eleven years, were found at Fort Dodge whither they had gone in boys' clothes to see the fair and hire out race horses to ride.

AT Logansville, Wis., Henry Raetzmann married the girl whom Otto Bigget wanted. Otto went to the wedding with a knife, and when the ceremony was over he stabbed the bridegroom three times.

ALICE OATES and her husband Mr. Watkins have "separated forever." He alleges that she was entirely familiar with another male member of the company, and if he don't get a divorce he will tell what he saw.

SOME time ago one of the girls employed in the Waukesha, Wis., woolen mills gave birth to an illegitimate child; a few days since, on resuming work in the mill, the other girls demanded her dismissal, which was done.

HARRY HUGHTHORPE, of East Saginaw, Mich., who was convicted in the circuit court of compelling a girl to marry him through fear, was sentenced to ten years in the state prison. He personated a detective and was an extensive blackmailer.

THE women are always looking under the bed for a man. No man ever thought of looking for a woman under such circumstances. He always scans the mirror when he goes in search of a female.

ALBERT GRAY of Dallas, Texas, has lately been converted to Christianity, and therefore, when William Young swore profanely in his presence, he was dreadfully shocked. He drew a revolver, implored the blasphemer to stop, and then shot him dead.

GEORGE S. WALKER is being prosecuted in Philadelphia for marrying his niece. The Pennsylvania law on the subject says that "no woman shall marry her mother's brother," and Walker's lawyer argues that it does not forbid the brother to marry the niece. A decision has not been reached.

MRS. GLUCKERSON, of South Brooklyn, has applied for a divorce because Mr. G. came home at 3 A. M., the other night in an express wagon, with a half keg of A 1 mackerel under his head, and which he endeavored to palm off on the partner of his joys as the result of a day's fishing with Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

A REMARKABLE woman, Mrs. Mary Ann Dean, died lately in St. Louis. She was thirty-seven years old, and had been married twenty years. She was the mother of twenty-one children, of whom there were three pairs of twins, two sets of triplets, and four were born at one birth. Ten of her children are living.

A BOY only eleven years old has been sentenced to death at Culloden, Ga. His name is Clayton Hillman; he is black, and his crime was the very brutal murder of an infant whom he was set to watch. The mother left them together while she took a nap. On awaking the baby was missing, and she finally found it in a well.

AN aged miser was found murdered in his house, at Niles, Mich., and \$500 of his hoard was missing. For months the mystery of the crime was not penetrated. At length a quiet, respected fourteen-year-old boy of the neighborhood began to spend money freely. Being accused of the murder, he confessed his guilt.

JAMES CURRIE, the man who so brutally murdered Porter, the actor, is now a merchant in Vincennes, Indiana. If Currie adopts the right system of advertising, he may work up a very large trade. For instance: "Go to Currie when you want the best six barrelled calico. Currie always keeps white lead. Currie's is the place where you can buy the best bullets in the market—warranted to kill immediately."

A MAN of Northfield, Conn., a few days ago, with suicidal intent, waded into a pond until the water touched his chin; no one made any frantic efforts to save him, but, on the contrary, somebody told him where he could find deeper water. After considering the matter and taking a drink from a bottle which he had with him, he concluded to come ashore, and postponed his suicide until another time.

TARBORO, North Carolina, has a colored woman who was raised as a boy; does not recollect when she began to wear male clothing; still dresses and acts like a man; does a man's work and bears a man's name. She has an aversion to being with women or doing their kind of work, and says she would go to the penitentiary before she would wear a bonnet. She is a mother, but not at all motherly, and the child calls her papa.

A SAN FRANCISCO man went to a dentist, while temporarily insane, and said he wanted all his teeth extracted. The dentist advised him not to get rid of them as they were second; but he insisted, arguing that a false set would be far harder and more comfortable. As he did not seem crazy, the dentist performed the job. On recovering his reason he brought suit for \$100 damages under the California law against professional malpractice.

MRS. MARK is on trial for murder at Jefferson, Wis. A large bouquet, conspicuously inscribed,

"From one who believes you innocent," was sent to her in the court-room. Her counsel was about to place it on a table in front of the jury, when the presiding judge said: "Those flowers must not be displayed. Take them away." The lawyer made a speech on the subject, but the Court was obdurate, and the flowers were carried out.

AT PALA, in Southern California, the anniversary of St. Louis is celebrated by religious ceremonies and bull-fights, all under the auspices of the monks belonging to the mission of San Luis Rey. This year a great concourse of Spaniards and Indians gathered. After each day's mass for the week there was bull-fighting in the churchyard. These encounters did not amount to much, but a fight between a bull and a bear proved more satisfactory.

THE suit of Jessie Raymond, against Ben Hill, which made such a sensation last winter, came to an end in Washington last week. Jessie sued the Georgia Senator for damages for alleged seduction. The case came up in court, when Mrs. Lockwood, the well-known woman-lawyer, asked leave to amend her bill, which was refused by the court, and after a brief colloquy between the Chief Justice and the counsel, the case was ordered stricken from the calendar.

A PAIR of lovers at San Francisco could not induce the county clerk to give them a marriage license, because their ages were only sixteen and fifteen, and their parents objected, being Jewish on one side and Roman Catholic on the other. Therefore the boy and girl gathered a party of their friends as witnesses, joined their own hands, and formally declared themselves husband and wife. The question whether the ceremony was valid is to be tested in court.

A DECENTLY dressed workman came into a photographer's recently to have the portrait of his wife taken. While the operator was arranging the camera the husband thought fit to give some advice to the companion of his life concerning her pose. "Think of something serious," he said, "or else you will spoil it. Remember that your father is in prison and that your brother has to compound with his creditors, and try to imagine what would become of you if I had not taken pity upon you."

ON the Bank of the Kennebec, about eighteen miles north of Augusta, are the ruins of old Fort Halifax, erected in the times of the Old French and Indian war for the protection of the inhabitants and to guard the river from hostile incursions. Closely connected with the fort is the public cemetery, which now covers a portion of the same ground, the old graves in which attract considerable curious observation. On an old black stone there found is to be read the following inscription:

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas, an Englishman by birth, a whig of '76—a cooper by trade, now food for worms. Like an old Bum puncheon whose staves are all marked, numbered and shooched, he will be raised and put together again by his maker.

A YOUNG man named Noffsinger was hanged at Gainesville, Tex., a few months ago for the murder of a man named Kline. The evidence shows that the murder was committed on a warm summer night, while Kline and his wife were sleeping out on the porch, his head being blown to atoms with a shotgun. The widow of the murdered man was recently confined with twins, thought that she was going to die, and confessed that she prepared the pallet on the porch for the deed to be committed, and was not beside him, as believed, but had arisen while her husband was asleep that the assassins might do their work. She says the shot was fired by one Gardner, but he was seconded by Noffsinger. The latter was her lover before her marriage to Kline. The woman is recovering and probably will get well.

SPIRITUALISM AND ROTTEN EGGS.

A Teacher of the First Given a Dose of the Latter—A Pleasant Evening Spoiled.

The town of Columbiana, Ohio, has been somewhat exercised over a sensational affair which occurred there recently. It seems that some time ago a young lady of eighteen, connected with a highly respectable family, came here and took a position in one of the public schools. The lady is quite handsome, and soon became a favorite in the first circles of society.

In the town of Alliance there is a medical practitioner by the name of Dr. McMahon, who is a man of spiritualistic beliefs. McMahon came to this place on a flying visit, and paid a visit to the young lady teacher, to whom he professed to be teaching the mysteries of his religious belief. The young lady accompanied him to the Park House, where he was staying, and in the evening the pair were discovered under peculiar circumstances, according to the allegations of the landlady, who at once ordered the physician to leave the house.

The story spread like wildfire through the town, and a short time after the medical man's abrupt dismissal, a number of her friends found out his place of retirement, and providing themselves with a basket of eggs, gave him two minutes to leave town. The spiritualist, who was taken aback by the sudden turn of events, stood trembling for a moment, and then suddenly made a start toward the road leading to the town of Leetonia, three miles distant. The scene that followed is said to have been a most ludicrous one. An excited crowd of men and boys followed the fleeing Alliance man as he ran along the road, and every few minutes his clothing was bespattered by an egg. He was followed in this way nearly all the way to Leetonia, where his pursuers became tired out, and left him to pursue his journey unmolested.

The case is aggravated by the fact that his wife is greatly respected at Alliance, and he is the father of two children. The unfortunate occurrence has occasioned a sensation over the country, as the young lady was considered of the highest respectability.

CLOSE CALLS AND DEADLY ACCIDENTS

TWO little children in Oscoda, Mich., were playing chop-wood, when the elder unable to guide the heavy axe, chopped off the hand of the younger, who was holding a stick on the block.

A LAD NAMED Smith, living a few miles up the river from Mackinaw, Ill., was shot in the head, the other day, by a hunter who mistook him for a wild turkey. It was thought that the wound would prove fatal.

WILLIE MAYER, a young man, while trying to climb over a threshing machine working in Sharon township, Mich., fell into the cylinder and was drawn into the hips and horribly torn and mangled. Physicians could not ease his pain and he died six hours later.

ONE of the demi-monde of Cleveland, O., who sails under the name of Belle Kennedy, took a dose of morphine and calmly laid down to die because she had been disappointed in love. A stomach-pump was applied to Belle, and she still lives to be disappointed some more.

LIGHTNING at Carlile's Hotel, Morrisville, Pa., on Wednesday struck the flagstaff, passed through the roof into the bedroom of the proprietor's wife, threw her out of bed, but only stunned her, shattered a mirror, tore out the window sash, and nearly stripped one side of the house of its weather boards.

MRS. HOLST, of Mayville, Wis., in her sixtieth year had some trouble with her husband. She threatened to kill herself, and when her husband left the house did so. She sat on the floor with her back to the wall and fired a heavy ball from a revolver into her right temple. When discovered she was dead.

A SINGULAR accident happened to Mr. C. J. Pardee, at Columbus, O., the other day. A carpet was hanging on a clothes line out in the back yard, and Mr. Pardee was standing behind the carpet when his thirteen-year-old son, not knowing of the presence of his father, fired a charge of shot through the carpet, filling Mr. Pardee's face and neck and severely wounding him.

WHILE John Eller, of Alden, Iowa, was riding horseback he saw descending from the sky a ball of fire apparently about the size of a flower-barrel. He was paralyzed with fright, and saw the globe strike the head of the animal he rode, then he became unconscious. Upon coming to his senses he found that the horse was dead, the head of the animal being seared as if by a red-hot iron.

BY some little mistake, a horse was hitched to an apple-tree near eighty stands of bees, in Hunt county, Tex., lately, and the bees became enraged and attacked the horse, stinging it so badly that it died in a few hours. An aged gentleman, in attempting to loose the horse, was severely stung, and, in running away from them, fell, and was dragged into the house in an unconscious state. Some fifty or sixty stings were picked out of his head and face. A copious application of alcohol prevented any serious results.

IN the race at Scranton, Pa., Oct. 3rd a sulky behind a spirited horse, driven by one Roberts, was upset. Robert's leg caught in the wheel and he was dragged a long distance with his head striking the ground, while the frightened horse kicked him violently in the body. There was a rush from the grand stand to the driver's relief. This added to the horse's fright and he plunged over a steep embankment into a deep marsh dragging Roberts and the sulky along. The animal remained in the marsh until extricated. Roberts was fatally hurt.

JAMES VOIGHT, aged twenty-one years, employed by Abraham Strickler, on Peter Hernly's farm about two miles north of Manheim, Pa., was ploughing, when it began to rain. Unhitching his mules, they became frightened and started to run when he seized the lines and by some means got wrapped around his wrist, and he was dragged a distance of fully three hundred yards, part of the distance over a piked lane. His right arm was so severely lacerated that the bones were exposed up to the elbow, and he was otherwise injured.

WM. B. ROSEBERRY, one of the most highly respectable young men of Marysville, Mo., accidentally shot himself on the morning of the 1st inst., and died the same afternoon. He and his wife had been out gathering hickory nuts, and were returning home at the time of the accident, with a gun resting on the seat of the buggy between them, when the vehicle suddenly ran into a hole in the road, causing the buggy to jolt and strike the hammer of the loaded gun, and fire it off. The entire contents passed through the left breast of Mr. Roseberry.

JOHN DACEY, a soldier belonging to Col. F., 3rd Inf., committed suicide at Fort Shaw, D. T., on the 24th ult., by jumping into the river and drowning himself. He attempted to desert the day previous but was "squealed" on by Drum-Major John Ryan, and was arrested a short distance from the post, and, while being taken under guard to the blacksmith shop for the purpose of being put in irons, he made the remark that he "would die rather than wear them," and immediately ran and jumped into the river. He was drowned before assistance could be rendered him.

AN old man by the name of Marks fell into a well, a distance of thirty feet, at 410 Connecticut street, Buffalo. When taken out it was discovered that a piece of wood five feet long and three and one-half inches wide had passed through his body. Doctors Baetling and Frost were called. They found that the stick had entered between the muscles at the lower part of the abdomen, passed between them and the fibres of the muscle of the chest, and made its exit through the skin of the chest near the neck. He was taken to the Homopathic Hospital, his condition then, strange to say, showing no immediately alarming symptoms.

A VERY interesting surgical operation was performed early in the week at the Columbus Medical College, O., by Dr. Hamilton. A two-year-old son of Frank Sells some four weeks ago swallowed a large shawl-pin about an inch and a half long. The doctor had taken foreign substances from the trachea nearly twenty times. He stated that if the pin was allowed to stay there death would surely come before long, and the parents decided to have it removed. A small gash lengthwise of the neck was cut, and a pair of forceps were put in and the pin drawn out of the windpipe. The operation is one of the most delicate known to the profession. The child is doing well.

A MRS. CARR of Pittsburgh, Pa., has become insane, and from one of the strangest causes on record. About two weeks ago, while asleep, she was either bitten or stung by a spider or some other insect, and the next morning a small but very much inflamed pimple was observed on the spot where the wound was inflicted, and the arm began to swell, and from the wrist to the shoulder, there were poison blisters, the whole arm and side having the appearance of being badly burned. A physician was summoned, and under his treatment the inflammation was reduced. But about four days ago, either from the poison or the shock to her nervous system, Mrs. Carr became insane, and now she is a raving maniac.

KILLED BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND

Why Charles A. Stratton is Serving a Life Term in Auburn Prison—A Young Man Who Pretended to be in Love, and Died for it.

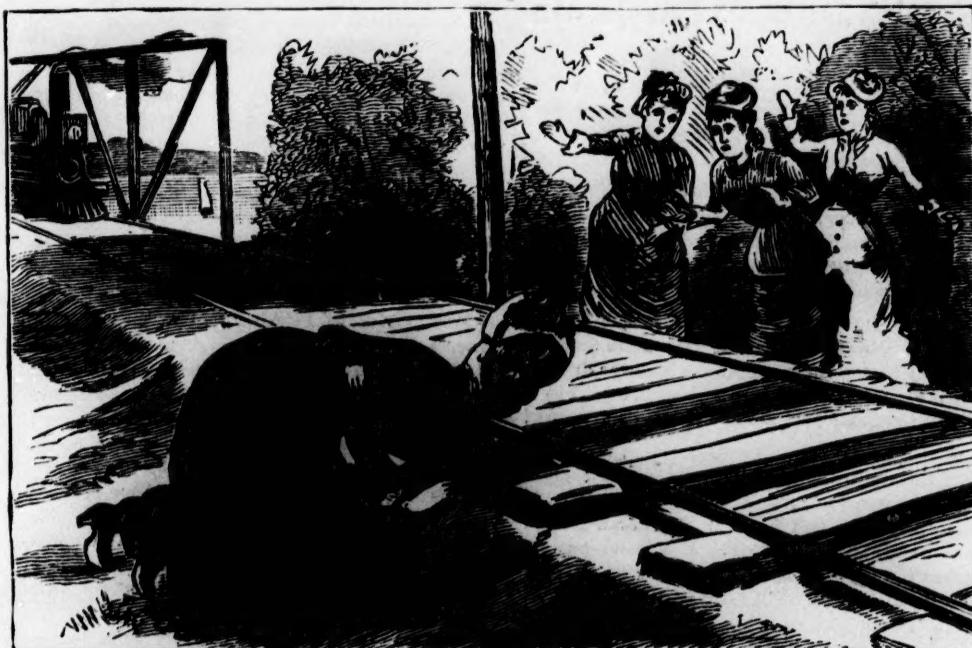
BRADFORD, Penn., Oct. 1.—In the Spring of 1879, Charles A. Stratton, a young man having respectable connections in Chautauqua, N. Y., had a quarrel with a negro near New Orleans, and during an altercation with him, shot him. Stratton left the state, and went to Chautauqua county in April of the same year, and took up his residence with his uncle, Charles L. Stratton, a farmer living near the village of Kennedy. Living in the family was a young woman named Lottie Wheeler. Miss Wheeler was a sister of Emily Crosby, who was found murdered in her house near Ellingtonville, Cattaraugus county, about a year ago, and whose husband was arrested on suspicion of being the murderer, but was acquitted last Spring. Charles A. Stratton fell in love with Lottie Wheeler. In November last, a young man known as Frank Morse, went to work as a farm hand for farmer Stratton. Morse's right name was Elmer Frank. He was nineteen years old. When he was only a child his father was murdered near Niagara Falls, and he was left an orphan, and was taken into the Orphan Asylum at Buffalo. From that institution he was adopted into the family of Harvey Morse, who lived near the village of Kennedy. Frank Morse was a powerful young man, but good-natured and of steady habits. He was noted as a great tease. When he went to work for Stratton, Lottie Wheeler and Charles A. Stratton were engaged to be married. To tease the latter, who was of a very jealous disposition, young Morse became very attentive to the girl.

Stratton and Miss Wheeler were married on Christmas Day. Stratton did not attempt to conceal the fact that he was extremely jealous of Frank Morse. Stratton and his uncle had some misunderstanding, and soon after the marriage the couple went to the village to live. Neither of them visited the home until the 15th of February last, when Stratton went there and staid all night. The family wanted Lottie to make them a visit, and Stratton asked his uncle to let him take the team and bring her to the farm. The uncle replied that Frank Morse was going to the village with the team, and he would tell him to stop and drive Lottie over, thus saving one trip. He told Frank to get Mrs. Stratton, and the young man did so and drove with her to the farm. This so enraged the husband that he turned to speak to his wife. Frank Morse began popping corn, and while Stratton went out of doors, and creeping up to a window, peered in to watch the inmates of the room. Morse gave Mrs. Stratton some corn and sat down in a chair near her. Stratton rushed into the house, and, calling Morse a vile name, announced his determination of fighting him. The men grappled, and a bloody encounter ensued. The elder Stratton was not at home. A few minutes' struggle young Stratton took his knife from his pocket and stabbed Morse to the heart. The wounded man staggered into a summer kitchen and fell dead. His murderer was arrested and lodged in jail in Mayville. He was brought up for trial before Judge Daniels, on Monday last, and entered a plea of self-defence. On Wednesday he was convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to Auburn prison for life.

SPOILED PORTRAITS.

Sports which Spoiled the Beauty of a Trio of Variety Actresses.

(Subject of illustration.)
The Bowery small boy is never quiet except when asleep. He is as ubiquitous as he is mischievous. Any opportunity which presents a chance for fun is improved by him with a vengeance. Three of them got in a little fine work on a trio of variety actresses this past week. The damsels in question were having their portraits taken in costume, and had got themselves up in stunning style. Their heads were ornamented by blonde wigs of the most luxuriant type. After they had arranged themselves in striking attitudes near the canvas representing scenery, the photographer prepared to do the act. Three boys stole in through the door, armed with hook and line, and getting on chairs behind the scenery, proceeded to business. Just as portraits were about to be taken, away went the wigs. Consternation ruled the moment. The boys took advantage of the excitement and made their escape, having had what they called a good time. This "sport" was also profitable.



A FOOLHARDY YOUNG LADY DESIRING TO DISPLAY HER COURAGE PLACES HER NECK ACROSS A RAILROAD TRACK, AND NARROWLY MISSES BECOMING AN ANGEL; WAPPINGERS' FALLS, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 13.



A LODGER IN A HOTEL HAS HIS CLOTHING STOLEN, AND COMES DOWN TO THE CLERK ATTIRED IN MOSQUITO NETTING; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 5.

MURDER AT THE POOL TABLE.

A Young Man Instantly Killed by a Blow With a Billiard Cue—His Assailant in Custody.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Thomas Jones, a young man about twenty-one years of age, was struck on the side of the head, behind the right ear, with a billiard cue in the hands of John J. Dwyer, at a lager beer saloon, 307 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, last week, and almost instantly killed. The victim was standing at the bar of the saloon which is kept by N. Debrowaki, in company



M'LLIE HOUGET, COMPANION OF CORA PEARL, THE FAMOUS BEAUTY OF PARIS.



MISS MINNIE CLIFFORD, QUEEN OF THE DENVER, COL., DEMI-MONDE.



MISS LIZZIE BAYMER, CHAMPION VELOCIPEDIST OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

with an acquaintance named George Secor, with whom he had been playing pool. Dwyer entered the place and approached the two men who were total strangers to him. Addressing the proprietor, Dwyer claimed "I'll take whisky." Debrowaki remarked, "We have no whisky." Jones then paid twenty cents for two glasses of soda-water, of which he had partaken with Secor, and then proceeded to play pool at the table which was in the center of the saloon. Dwyer remained



JOHN J. DWYER, WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR, FRACTURES THE SKULL OF THOMAS JONES, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY; BROOKLYN, N. Y.



A YOUNG LADY ELOPES THROUGH A SKYLIGHT WITH HER LOVER, WHO CONSIDERATELY AND MODESTLY HIDES BEHIND A CHIMNEY WHILE SHE ARRANGES HER TOILET; TROY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 10.

in the center by the force of the blow. Without heeding the terrible execution he had accomplished, Dwyer, according to the statement of Secor, immediately seized another cue and made a blow with it at him. Secor, who was terrified, ran around the billiard table to escape, and then eluding his pursuer, made his way out into the street, the saloon keeper calling out to him as he did so to get a police officer. Dwyer was immediately arrested and lodged in jail. His crime had no provocation, and he will be dealt with severely.

DROY REDDITT,**The Horned Man.**

[With Portrait.] The subject of this sketch is one of the curiosities of Eastern Carolina. He was born and raised in Martin county, near the town of Williamston. He has no other deformity except this horn, being perfectly developed in all other respects. He is quite strong and active. Having traveled with P. T. Barnum some years ago, he accumulated a small competency, and now owns a small farm near the county seat, which he



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

LOUISE MONTAGUE, VARIETY AND BURLESQUE ACTRESS.

A LECHEROUS ATTORNEY.**His Attempt to Commit a Foul Crime.**

[With Portrait.]

This man, Johnson, has been prominently connected for some years with every scandal that has made itself public, and has been horsewhipped and cuffed at various and divers times for his open and repeated insults to respectable ladies, but his oft-repeated assaults heretofore have not been of a criminal nature, hence the strong arm of the law has not intervened in behalf of the injured parties. On the 23d day of last August he enticed a little nine-year-old girl into his law office in Carrollton, Ill., under the pretense of giving her some nice papers to read. When once there he sought to do her an unpardonable sin, and no doubt would have accomplished his purpose, had she not jerked away from him and fled the office. The affair leaked out at once, and through fear of severe punishment at the hands of enraged citizens, he left the town, recuperated a few weeks in Colorado, hoping the anger of the people would quiet down. He



A TRIO OF VARIETY ACTRESSES WHILE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED IN FANCY COSTUMES ARE BEREFT OF THEIR LUXURIANT BLONDE WIGS BY SOME MISCHIEVOUS BOWERY URCHINS; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.

cultivates himself. All his neighbors respect him for his intelligence and good disposition, his industry and politeness. He is now about fifty years of age. His picture conveys a very clear idea of the form of the horn. It is not attached to the skull, but to the flesh and the forehead. The doctors say it is of the same composition as a person's finger-nail. On close inspection its appearance is not attractive, as an oily matter seems to exude from it. At first it grew horizontally from the forehead, but about eight years ago, in carrying lumber, he fell and split it, one part now growing towards the right eye. A break will be observed in the larger part about the nostrils. Nothing delights him more than to have you listen to his stories concerning his travels with Barnum.

GAUZY ATTIRE.**Why a Boarder Wore Only a Mosquito Net.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

A lodger in one of the rooms over Shepherd's restaurant, in East Forty-fourth street, Tuesday morning made his appearance below stairs, arrayed in a mosquito net. He explained that, on rising, he was not much bothered at not finding his boots, which he supposed had been removed for superficial renovation; but when he discovered that his whole raiment was gone his suspicions became measurably aroused, and he had assumed the mosquito net and come down for the purpose of making an inquiry. The further facts in the case were, he discovered, that a thief had stolen his clothing, and that the proprietor of the restaurant was in position and willing to provide him with a suit to make him less good.



DROY REDDITT, THE FAMOUS HORNED MAN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

returned home on the Saturday of the third week, thinking that the grand jury had probably completed its work, and that owing to his absence would fail to indict him, but the work had been done, and an indictment found. He went straight from the dock to his residence and from there to his sister's in the country, where he remained until arrested by an officer, and brought into court. He demanded trial after making an effort to quash the indictment. The jury, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict of guilty of an assault, and the judge refusing a new trial, assessed a fine of \$20. He prays an appeal. Johnson is a widower with two children.

Murder Will Out.

A body was found a week ago in a hazel thicket four miles from Poplar Bluff, Mo., with two bullet holes in the head, and with the pockets of the clothing turned inside out. The body was much decomposed, having lain where it was found about two weeks, but it was recognized by the clothing as that of Daniel Hinkle. Circumstances led to the belief that three men, named Dunn, Frank and Shamblin, known as criminals of reckless and desperate character, knew something about Hinkle's death. Two of these—Frank and Shamblin—were arrested in northern Arkansas, and, being hard pressed, acknowledged that, with Dunn, they killed Hinkle, and divided his money and the other property taken from the body. Dunn is in jail in Corning, Ark., for horse stealing, and may be brought back to Poplar Bluff on a requisition. Hinkle did not bear a very good reputation, and the whole party is believed to have been connected with a band of horse thieves, who had been operating for several years in Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas. The preliminary examination of Frank and Shamblin is proceeding at Poplar Bluff, and it is believed the evidence against them will be conclusive.

BARNEY AARON.

A Pugilist Who is a Chip of the Old Block, and a Worthy One at That.

HIS FIGHTS AND VICTORIES.

The Great Encounter Between Aaron and Collyer at Pohick Landing, Va.

A COMBINATION OF PLUCK AND MUSCLE.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of our illustration, Barney Aaron, was born in London, England, in 1836, and stands 5 feet 5 inches, weighing 120 pounds. He is well known in sporting circles on both sides of the Atlantic, and has been connected in prize fights in this country for the past thirty years. Aaron is a son of old Barney Aaron, the noted English pugilist, who was styled the Star of the East in England. Aaron's father belonged to the Jewish persuasion, and was a temperate and very respectable man. He stood 5 feet 8 inches, and usually fought at 140 lbs. He conquered Collins, the Bargeman; Ned Stockman, Jack Lenney, the Cow-boy; Jack Lenney (again), Frank Redmond, Warren, Dick Hares, Frank Redmond (again) Marsh Bateman and Jim Raines. Barney had paid forfeit to Dick Curtis, and received from Frank Redmond. During all this career Barney's only conquerors were A. Mathewson, Dick Curtis, Harry Jones and Tom Smith. He visited America in 1854, and came near being matched to fight Yankee Sullivan.

In July, 1856, young Barney Aaron was matched to fight Johnny Robinson, a mulatto, native of Manchester, England. Both were light-weights, and had such a great private reputation for being first-class pugilists that the match was made for \$1,000.

Aaron was only 19 years of age and weighed 120 pounds, and it was his first battle in America. He had a host of friends and carried a good deal of money, for he had proved that he was the most scientific boxer in America at that time, while his pluck could not be questioned. Robinson was looked upon as a wonderful light-weight.

The fight took place at Riker's Island, N. Y., July 9th, 1856. It was witnessed by a tremendous crowd, and there was heavy betting. Both pugilists displayed great science, pluck and endurance. Robinson punished Aaron terribly at the commencement of the fight; then the plucky, tricky Aaron resorted to Yankee Sullivan's tactics and soon gained the lead in the fighting. After fifty rounds had been fought it was anybody's fight, but Aaron looked like a winner. Robinson made several desperate attempts to turn the tables, but Aaron cut-fought and out-generated him after sixty rounds had been fought.

Robinson began to show the effects of the terrible punishment he had received, and Aaron forced the fighter. Round after round followed, all of which were in Aaron's favor. In the 80th round Aaron, by pluck, science and skill, won the battle, for it was plain to all that Robinson was beaten. Only one more round was fought, when Aaron put the finishing touches on Robinson and won a hard-fought battle.

The fight lasted 2 hours and 13 minutes, and 81 rounds were fought. Aaron's victory and the pluck he displayed at once made him famous, and from that time he had backers ready to match him to fight any 118 or 120-pound pugilist in America. Sporting men pronounced Aaron a wonder, and he was matched to fight Johnny Moneghan, the champion light-weight. The match was made for \$1,000, and great interest was centered in the contest.

The battle took place twelve miles from Providence, R. I., Sept. 2nd, 1857, and created quite a stir in the sporting world.

Moneghan was twenty-six years of age, and had proved himself to be a "driver" in the ring, while the son of old Barney Aaron, the Star of the East, had not yet met with defeat.

The fight was a long and desperate one.

Aaron won first blow in the first and gained first knock-down in the second round.

Eighty rounds were desperately contested, when Moneghan had both his eyes closed and was terribly punished, when Aaron was declared the winner.

The fight lasted 3 hours and 22 minutes.

Aaron was seconded by Ben Van Winkle, of New York, and John Taylor, of Boston. Jack Hyde, of Liverpool, and Hobbs, of London, England, seconded Moneghan. The umpires were: Jim Mattocks for Moneghan, and Barney Ford for Aaron. Phil Perkins was referee.

On April 1st, 1857, Barney Aaron visited New Orleans. At that time Bill Evans was light-weight champion of Louisiana, and Aaron challenged him to fight. A match was arranged and the battle took place on the Metarie race course, New Orleans.

The stakes were \$500 a side. Aaron won in 11 rounds and 15 minutes. Evans had usually been considered invincible by the pugilists of that city. At the end of the first round ten to one on Barney found no takers. About a thousand Corinthians were present, and at least two hundred ladies of the "Charles street fancy." Barney was scarcely scratched, and his principal supporters were among the "down-town bloods."

Returning to New York, he was matched to fight Scotty, of Brooklyn, for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship. Scotty, of Brooklyn, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1835, and stands 5 feet 4½ inches, weighing 128 lbs..

The fight took place at Long Point, Canada. Scotty was seconded by Johnny Roche and Kit Burns, with James Dorsey, of Brooklyn, for umpire. Barney was seconded by Johnny Mackey and Con Fitzgerald, with Thomas Chaffers, of Williamsburg, for umpire. Mr. Louis Beiral was referee. Aaron had the fight won, when he deliberately caught Scotty by the legs, and the referee declared Scotty the winner. The fight lasted 18 rounds, fought in 18 minutes.

Aaron returned to New York and was matched to fight Wal'er Jamison, better known as Sam Collyer.

The fight took place at Pohick Landing, Virginia, on June 20, 1856. It was a desperate battle, and one which for gameness and skill was perhaps never surpassed in this country. Both did all that mortals could do. The victor won, though with hardly strength enough left to have hurt a child. The vanquished lost though only when his want of vision prevented him seeing his adversary. There is no mistaking the fact, that from the day the match was made Barney held his opponent entirely too cheap, devoting but twelve days to training and being reduced in that time from 131 to 122 lbs., which reduction on an "old 'un" who had been on the shelf for years proved anything but beneficial. Aaron fought unusually fast at the start, thinking it a sure thing and anxious to win time bets, many of which were made to the effect that he would win inside of an hour. In this way, although hitting Collyer all over, he exhausted his vital powers, while Sam, cut out for a long fight, paid no heed to the multitudinous hits received or his bad eye, but faced the music like a man, and by the time his left lamp was gone, Barney's strength was going out, his hands became puffed up, and his persevering efforts to damage Sam's good eye were futile.

On the contrary, and to the utmost consternation of his friends, the wonderful science of Barney served him not against the stubborn and determined young Baltimorean, who eventually succeeded in completely blinding his clever and active opponent. Collyer is a perfect glutton as far as receiving punishment is concerned, and he won the fight by pushing the hostilities upon Aaron, receiving his hits with complacency and taking his chances of getting in a blow now and then. Before the close of the fight Aaron's eyes were so nearly shut that he was almost blinded, but persisted in fighting on, and it was only after he was altogether sightless, at the close of the 47th round, that he gave in, they having been fighting 2 hours and 5 minutes. Both men were so much exhausted at the end of the fight that it was necessary to carry them to the boats on stretchers. Aaron gained first knock-down in the third round, and first blood in the fourth.

On June 13, 1867, Aaron and Collyer met again at Aquia Creek, Va., and fought for \$1,000 and the championship of light-weights of America. Collyer was waited upon this time by Mike Henry and Patsey Meally, Aaron by Joe Coburn and Jim Dunn, now a Brooklyn Alderman, with Alderman William McMullen for referee. An amphitheatre, with raised seats and capable of accommodating about 2,500 people, had been erected.

The second between these rivals after the previous great battle created a furor in sporting circles throughout the country, and which was rendered especially memorable by the display of gameness which characterized it.

After 66 rounds had been fought, Collyer walked briskly to the scratch, awfully disfigured, but still fresh on his legs. Aaron was prompt to time also, and they got right to work. After counter-hits on the face, and hot installments from Collyer's right on the body, there was a clinch, some lively fibbing, and both fell outside the ropes, with Aaron on the top, Collyer as he did so saying "O! my God!" as if suffering some terrible pain. On being separated and carried to his corner he complained of his right eye being blind. Another claim was made to the referee that Aaron had gouged him; the ring was crowded with excited people, and things looked rather warm.

At this stage time was called for the 68th round, but Collyer, whose head dropped on one side, on being asked by his seconds, said he could go up no more, that he couldn't see; whereupon the referee proclaimed that Aaron had won the fight. Time, 1 hour and 55 minutes.

There was much dissatisfaction over the result of the battle, but Aaron received the stakes. This was Aaron's last fight in the ring. Since, he has been either an adviser, second or trainer in nearly all the great battles. He resides in New York and is very popular with sporting men.

THE BANK BURGLAR'S BANKER.

A Queer Character—A Man Who Steered Clear of the Law While Daily Violating It.

John D. Grady was found dead on the floor of his diamond broking office on Sixth avenue, in this city, a few days ago. His body was removed to the residence of his sister. A brother of the deceased, however, had some suspicion of foul play, and requested the coroner's office to take the matter in charge. For the past twenty years Grady, while on the very best terms with the police authorities, is supposed to have been the friend and confidant of the most noted and daring cracksmen in the country. He was known as the "bank burglar's banker," and it is said that of all the crimes committed by three or four of the best known gangs of burglars he invariably received a portion of the proceeds. There are a number of very important robberies in which the police have no doubt he shared, and yet they could not fasten that fact upon him. When it was first decided to rob the Manhattan Bank on the corner of Broadway and Bleeker street, men met in his office (which at that time was situated on Broadway, immediately opposite the bank), to discuss their plans. The attempt failed at that time, but how successful it was later the public well knows. Although close in his dealings with bank burglars, he was slack with confidence women, as only recently he was duped out of \$11,000 by one of that class in Brooklyn.

IN THE HOLY BATH.

How a New York Belle Braved the "Mikvah" For the Man She Loved—Peculiar Conversion Ceremony in an East Side Synagogue—Rites Which Roused the Ire of Bat and Rat.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A very peculiar and interesting ceremony took place on Tuesday last in that portion of the east side of the city which is inhabited chiefly by the orthodox children of Israel of Dutch and Polish birth. It consisted of the formal conversion to Judaism of a young Christian woman, well-known in some of the up-town circles, who recently became engaged to the son of a wealthy Jewish clothier. Though belonging to the reform or modernized party in the Jewish church and not regarding very particularly the rules and regulations of the rabbis, the young man could not, did not dare to marry a woman outside of his own faith, and so he prevailed upon her to join the Synagogue.

As the fashionable up-town rabbis would not, and, indeed, always refuse to be concerned in the matter of conversions to Judaism, the young man was obliged to have recourse to the officiates of the institution called the "Beth Hamedrash."

This establishment, which is said to be over 3,000 years old, is at once a college of Hebrew learning, a Synagogue and an Ecclesiastical Court for the government of the superstitious Dutch and Polish Hebrews who abound on the east side.

The convert, for weeks previous to the ceremony, had been reading lessons for the purpose of enlightening her on the most abstruse points in the ritual and observances of the ancient faith for which she was about to renounce that of her fathers.

Either from natural aptitude or under the spur of sentiment, she proved a bright scholar, and her readiness for the final ceremonial of conversion was announced in less than half the time usually granted for the purpose of preparation. Her experience in the Beth Hamedrash was purely a ceremonial one.

Accompanied by the sister of her intended and another lady friend, she arrived at the building at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The stylish private equipage with its liveried coachman and its aristocratic inmates, all attired in the height of fashion, and two, at least, ablaze with the diamonds they wore with the profusion characteristic of their race, called half the street out of doors, and they made their way to their particular portal through a lane of curious spectators.

The convert, especially, who hid her embarrassment behind a heavy veil, hastily donned before descending from the carriage, was the subject of no little comment, of a character indeed which the coachman felt himself called upon to resent, through the medium of his whip. The miniature riot thus created was a diversion of which the three ladies took advantage to gain the door.

They were met on the threshold by the rabbi and his assistants in the full ceremonial attire of the church, and after the recitation of a Hebrew benediction the convert was conducted to a private room where the rabbi subjected her to a close examination in the ritual and imparted a volume or two of secret and stringent advice. At the end of nearly an hour she was turned over to her companions to be arrayed for the Mikvah or Holy Bath in the robes especially provided and blessed for the purpose.

The Mikvah is an ordinary marble bath made in exact imitation of the sacred one which of old played so an important part in the lives of the Jews. It is divided into two parts, one reserved for men and the other for women. The women use it for purposes of purification before marriage and after childbirth. It is also used, as on this occasion, for the purpose of purifying gentle women who desire to join the Synagogue. It is situated in a dark cellar, which is lighted by oil lamps, whose chimneys are so dirty as to obscure the illumination and throw a dull shadow all around.

An irreverent rat, upon the present occasion, commented upon the proceedings with divers and sundry squeakings and scratchings, and a bat, which had found lodgement in some secluded recess of the cellar, signified its disgust for the unusual illumination by fluttering around the lamps trying to put them out.

The fair convert on entering this uncanny place, exhibited much nervousness and seemed half inclined to turn back. The rabbi, however, guided her into a little closet and gave her some whispered directions, saying a word also, in Hebrew, to her intended sister-in-law, who accompanied her into the apartment. A few minutes later the two women appeared; the young convert dressed in a plain white jacket and knicker-bockers, looking much like a Coney Island bathing suit, but fitting more closely. It had evidently been made for a thinner person, and it served to display the outline of its wearer's most exquisite figure in all its beauty.

As she stood half shivering with cold, half trembling with fear in this spare garment, her eyes downcast and her opulent blonde hair floating over her generous bust, even the old rabbi's eyes spoke eloquently of admiration and feelings, to say the least, anti-Talmudical.

At a sign from the rabbi, his assistant led the girl to the bath and bade her enter. She did so hesitatingly, and the cold water sent a shudder through her handsome frame from head to foot.

There was no immersion, as in the Christian baptism. In fact, except the light touch of the assistant's hand in leading her to the bath, there was no contact between convert and converted. At a lowly spoken word she seated herself in the bath, the water covering her to her shoulders. At another rabbinical command she rose and stood dripping with her

robes glued to her form like another skin. While she remained standing the rabbi, placing one hand on her shoulder and the other on her head, uttered a Hebrew blessing and pronounced her name changed to Esther and herself admitted to be one of the chosen people. He added a few words of advice and welcome, apparently not heeding the discomfort of the poor girl, but the sister-in-law, evidently thinking that enough even of so fascinating a ceremony as this was as good as a feast, begged him to cut it short, and, enveloped in a sheet, the new-fledged Jewess was led back to dress and return to the arms of the conscientious son of Abraham, for whom she had risked her death of cold in the sacred recesses of the Mikvah. Or at least to achieve that coveted embrace after the few hours still required for the performance of a simple final ceremonial of the marriage rites.

HER LADYSHIP.

Missadventures of a Noblewoman in Paris—Tradesmen Dazzled by the Tinsel of a Name.

The Tribunal Correctional of Paris has just been engaged in the trial of an Englishwoman named Allen, nee Mary Jane Horsfall, for obtaining goods under false pretense. The case presents some curious instances of bold rascality on the one side, and extraordinary credulity and blind faith on the other. The defendant began her Paris career by arriving at one of the principal hotels in the city and giving herself out as the Duchess of Hamilton, explaining that she was a natural daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and married to a legitimate son of the ducal house. Her luggage was in quantity strangely out of proportion with her assumed title, and when the proprietor whose suspicions were aroused by the appearance of the accused, presented his bill no funds were forthcoming. Accordingly the "Duchess" was requested to leave the hotel, which she was only too glad to do. This exploit was, however, only the beginning of a long series of swindles carried on at the expense of the too-confiding Parisians. By some means or other, probably by a judicious use of her exalted title, she deluded the proprietor of a fashionably-furnished apartment in the Champs Elysées into accepting her as a tenant. This she found to be small, however, and exchanged for a furnished house in the Rue des Bassins, at the modest rental of 18,000 francs a year. Here the pseudo-Duchess led a life of the greatest luxury outwardly and on credit. Though in the intimacy of her own sleeping apartment she slept on a bed denuded of sheets, she made a great sensation in the neighborhood by the elegance and luxury of her carriages and horses, which she hired without inquiring the expense, and of course omitted to pay for. She also laid the tradespeople of the neighborhood, who were dazzled by the apparent wealth of their customer, under heavy contributions for millinery, costumes, wine, coal, boots and groceries. All this time her false statement permitted her to lead a luxurious life, though for a considerable period she was actually devoid of hard cash, being even unable to have her bell wire repaired which had been broken by a too impetuous creditor. The concierge from time to time lent her Grace small sums, and even paid her coachman, who in turn paid her corn dealer. In all, her debts amounted to 21,000 francs, when her creditors, beginning to fear that something was wrong, caused her to be arrested and tried for swindling. In court the prisoner still adhered to her statement in regard to her aristocratic connection, and demanded a delay in which to communicate with certain dukes and princes of her acquaintance in Scotland and Ireland. The court was, however, inexorable, more especially as it had ascertained that her pretended marriage at Boulogne with a son of the Duke of Hamilton had, in reality, been solemnized with an English bootmaker. A communication from the English police, with a photograph of the accused, and a statement that she had undergone several years' imprisonment and penal servitude in England for forgery, also strengthened the skepticism of the Judge in regard to the ducal rank of the prisoner. She was accordingly sentenced to five years imprisonment, and an equal term of police supervision.

SERPENT AND DOVE.

How They Meet Behind the Scenes—Temptations and Trials of the High Kickers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ballet girl has other duties than those involved by her theatrical connection. Many a woman who spends her nights posturing before the public does so to secure the necessary food and shelter for some one dear to her. In Paris it is a regular practice among the girls to bring their sewing and knitting to the theatre, and in the intervals of rehearsal and performance when they have a short respite from toil to busily ply the needle. Many even do quite an amount of lace work, of tatting, embroidery and similar tasks for money in that precious period of leisure.

But our ballet girl has a more pleasing task before her.

She is laboring for her little one.

Baby is sound asleep in his cradle; in that poor garret mother works day and night to keep between his little head and the winter sky. But the memory of his rosy face follows her through the snowy streets, into the blazing theatre and haunts her as she moves about the gay and tawdry scene. Even the lecherous old debauchee, the moving mass of money and corruption who totters from wing to wing seeking fresh food for his debased appetite stops short at sight of her, and hesitates before he utters his foul propositions to her. There is that in her employment that paralyzes even his shameless tongue. He looks upon a mother working for her child, and through the gloomy vista of his debased life he sees himself a child and remembers, that there was a time when he knelt at his mother's knee, and had no conscience to bring him troubled dreams.

HORROR!

The Astounding Revelations Made by a Denver, Colorado, Physician.

THE CURSE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

The Terrible Sins Which Vanity and Fashion Led Their Devotees to Commit.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

A reporter of the *Denver News* recently interviewed an eminent physician of that city, and elicited some facts which should cause widespread alarm among all who have the interests of American society at heart.

"Our whole social system is wrong," said the physician in talking with a representative of the *News*. "In their outward lives American women assume to be more modest than the women of any other nationality, yet if you could know one-half of the stories of their inner lives that come to the knowledge of a physician you would be thoroughly horrified. This matter of fetal murder is growing to frightful proportions. Women who think there is a sort of immodesty in showing the signs of honorable maternity will kill their offspring secretly without the slightest compunction."

"Do I see the items in the papers almost every day about the arrest of some abortionist? Certainly I do. But these men, nefarious as their practice is, represent but a small portion of the evil. Their practice is mainly with young girls who have been seduced, and are frightened on the discovery of their condition. They go to these men and pay them a considerable fee to get rid of their trouble, frequently getting rid of their lives in the attempt. One has considerable pity for these poor unfortunate, rendered desperate in their efforts to hide their shame."

"Well, doctor, among what class of women is this crime most practiced?"

"Among married women, sir, of what we should call the middle and wealthier classes. It is a crime almost unknown among the poor."

"You say these ladies do not go to the professional abortionists. Surely they do not obtain the assistance of reputable physicians?"

"No. In the whole course of a practice now extending over nearly thirty years, I have never known a respectable physician to have anything to do with the business. But there is a class known as ladies' doctors do it, and keep up an apparent respectability, but they are always known in the profession, and I am thankful to say we have none of them in Denver that I am aware of."

"Do not regular physicians often get applications for services, of the kind we are speaking of, from their regular patients?"

"Oh, yes. It's only a short time since a young and very beautiful woman called to see me, and after much circumlocution I found out what she wanted. Of course, I refused to have anything to do with it. She offered me thousand dollars, saying she had made arrangements to go to Saratoga this season, and she meant to go. She had just made the discovery that she was *engaged*, and this would put a stop to proposed fashionable enjoyment. She knew there was some risk about it, and as she was rich she preferred having a physician of known eminence and skill."

"What did you say to her, doctor?"

"I remonstrated with her on the folly of the course she was taking, in waiting to risk her life and health for a few weeks' visit to a fashionable resort. She anyhow didn't want the bother. I then politely dismissed her from my consulting room."

"Was that the end of the affair?"

"No. A few weeks later I was awakened about 1 o'clock in the morning by her husband, who wanted me to come immediately to her house. I had my misgivings before I reached the place. I had no sooner reached the chamber than I saw what the trouble was. Her life was hanging on a thread."

"Did she die, doctor?"

"No. She pulled through; but she didn't go to Saratoga."

"Well, you state that 'ladies' doctors are not known in Denver, and that reputable physicians will not help them. How do they manage it?"

"My dear friend, they do it themselves. The average American woman knows a great deal more than she is given credit for. They tell one another. Mrs. Jones successfully performs the crime of killing her own offspring; she tells her friends, and the women know so much now that the abortionist's practice has ceased to be profitable except in large cities."

"There is scarcely a day that a physician with a large practice is not called to the bedside of women who are suffering from the effects of this crime. It is not our duty to investigate the cause of sickness, further than it assists us in a diagnosis of the case. Our mission is to repair, to heal; not to probe around from curiosity. The damage is done when the physician is called. His work is to try to restore."

"You think, then, that this social crime is mainly committed by women themselves?"

"I do. The example I have narrated to you is only one of hundreds that occur in a year in an ordinary physician's experience. We meet with them almost every day."

"What do you consider the chief causes that induce women to commit this unnatural act?"

"It is extravagant, love of ease and a desire to enjoy the superficial pleasure of what is known as fashionable life. One lady who came to me assigned

as a reason for requiring the services she needed that she did not want to destroy her shape. Can you imagine vanity running to such an outrageous result? This movement of modern days in favoring what is known as woman's rights has, I believe, a great influence on this crime. Women of this stamp want to edge themselves into a sphere of life hitherto occupied by men, all tending to destroy home influence. There is, I believe, a convention now sitting in this city on the cause of temperance. It is a noble work where women are engaged in trying to redeem men who are under the influence of alcohol. But there is greater work for them to do in trying to regenerate their own sex from crime by the side of which the evils of intemperance dwindle into insignificance."

"Very well, doctor; I'm sorry you won't help me. But if you don't do it, somebody else will."

"This is what every doctor hears very frequently. This crime is prevalent to an extraordinary extent, and some means should be used to stop it. If there was any possible excuse to be urged it would be by the poor, who know not how to provide for their offspring; but these people, as I have told you, are not guilty of the crime. The culprits belong to the higher stations of life. Child murder is a brutal and revolting act, and the law provides a punishment for it when it can be proved. A woman who wilfully kills her unborn child is as much a murderer as one who kills it a few minutes after it is born."

"In England concealment of birth is a crime punishable with imprisonment and hard labor. In a recent case there a woman was sentenced to penal servitude for committing this crime upon her offspring. It is a mistake to suppose that women don't talk together about this thing; they do, and doctors have to fight shy of it, all the time in their family practice. They will advance all sorts of excuses and reasons, and add to it their entreaties. The fact is, many women who are otherwise pure and chaste seem to have a social blindness about the enormity of this crime against a moral law higher than any thing on the statute books. Some of them have a habit of threatening to risk their lives in the hands of a quack practitioner if their regular physician won't help them. They advise with one another and help each other, and you would be astonished at the physiological and anatomical knowledge displayed by some of them."

"What are these people who advertise to relieve female complaints, and who are their customers?"

"They are the worst set of scoundrels on the face of the earth, and the women who apply to them are principally young girls who have gone astray, and have become scared about their condition. Your old practitioner knows better than to give five dollars for a box of harmless pills."

"Cannot the medical profession help remedy this evil?"

"I don't see in what way. A doctor cannot very well aid a patient when suffering from the effects of malpractice; and you must remember that they do often save the lives of many who have thrown themselves upon the very verge of the grave."

"One would think it would be a difficult subject for a lady to approach a physician of high reputation upon."

"You have no idea how cute they are. They will come to the doctor's office and say that they have taken cold, which has caused irregularity. There is nothing serious, but will the doctor give her something to relieve her. If he is an honest doctor he generally sends her away with some harmless compound. She comes again in a few weeks and gets some more. Finally she finds that the matter has gone too far, and that she must do her duty in adding to the population of the state. She knows she has been fooled, but my lady has to bear it. Every doctor of any practice has had his experience. When the child is born the claims of maternity assert themselves, and everything is lovely."

"What is the best means of preventing this great crime?"

"Publicity. Let the people know what is going on around them. There is no remedy for a great social secret sin-like exposure. Drag it out into the lurid light of day. Do not cover it up and hide it beneath an assumed modesty so shallow that every eye can peer through it and see the false morality beneath. Many of the women who practice this enormous crime of fetal murder, move in the best society; are looked upon as Christian women, yet in secret they perpetrate a heinous sin, forgetting that they are seen by one to whom darkness and light are the same."

PERFECTLY AWFUL.

An Order Which has Excited Female Ire—A Crusher on the Beaux.

A fearful intestine upheaval has arisen among the Amazonian disciples of Wooster University, Ohio, as the result of General Order No. 2, just promulgated by the frolicsome faculty of that institution. This order reads to the following effect:

"No female student hereafter is to receive more than one male visitor per week, and he shall only linger in the evening until the short hand points to the fatal hour of nine."

It appears that many of the dears are in the habit of entertaining their masculine friends according to the pleasure of their own sweet wills, and, in consequence, this iron-clad prohibition has set them somewhat on their auricular appendages.

A few of the more sedate and less attractive sisters manifested an inclination to heed the terrible mandate, but the jolly and good-looking crowd, who seem to be in the majority, are up in arms, and declare that they will never—no, never—submit to such barbarous treatment. It was cruel enough when Order No. 1 came out, and "knocked into pit" some of their pleasant anticipations for the coming winter by stating that no young ladies would be allowed to board in the same houses with gentlemen, as had been the custom heretofore. This, they all felt, was awful enough, but now their cup of misery is full and running over, and an indignation meeting is the

FAIR, BUT WICKED.

The Romance of a Fast Woman's Life—Gold the Price of Virtue—The Queen of the Denver, Col., Demi-Monde.

(With Portrait.)

In a recent issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* there appeared an illustration of a revel in Minnie Clifford's bagnio, in Denver, Col. This dashing woman is the recognized queen of the demi-monde of that city, and her house is liberally patronized by the gay males of loose life. Like all women of her class, Minnie Clifford is the heroine of a romantic history.

It appears that she first saw the light of day in Havana, Cuba, about the year of 1853. Her parents were Spanish, the father being a naval officer in the service of his country, which about this time had trouble with Cuba. On account of the ardent love he manifested for the land of his birth, he was obliged to flee in haste from Cuba and settled with his wife and only child, (Minnie), in Jacksonville, Fla., early in 1860.

Shortly after his arrival the war of the rebellion broke out and the Spanish gallant naval officer cast his lot on the side of the Southern Confederacy and subsequently became the commander of a war vessel in the service of the "Lost Cause," which he guided through many a hazardous port till the fall of Richmond in 1864, where a shell from a Union vessel severed his head from his body.

During all this time Minnie and her mother had remained in Jacksonville in constant dread. At the close of the war in 1865, they removed to New Orleans, which, in those days, was noted for dissipation in almost every grade of society. Prostitution raged to an alarming extent, particularly on Basin, Customhouse, Terrie, Conti and Villery streets.

While residing in the Crescent City Minnie became a prey to man's perfidy and was lured into a fashionable bagnio, presided over by Madame King, on Basin street, at the tender age of thirteen.

In vain did her fond mother entreat her erring child to forsake her evil course. All her mother's entreaties were of no avail until the latter part of the same year when her vile mistress, Madame King, and many others of her class, were returning from New York in the steamer *Evening Star* with a cargo of prostitutes, numbering nearly 600, found a watery grave in mid-ocean.

This caused a thrill of horror to spread throughout the land and many unfortunate women, believing it to be a punishment from heaven, forsook their evil course and pledged themselves to pursue the paths of rectitude.

Among the many who who forsook their evil mode of living was the subject of this sketch, who, with a feeling of hostility, almost amounting to a tend, between the Dentz family and another prominent family in the neighborhood. The occasion of it was a scandalous story which was told to Mrs. Dentz by a female member of the antagonistic household regarding the infidelity of the latter's husband.

It is believed that Mrs. Dentz, who is one of those slightly built women of a delicate, nervous temperament, was deranged in mind by the horribl's suspicion that her husband, who had always treated her with the utmost affection, was untrue. Mrs. Dentz's insanity is dated from a scene between herself and the woman in question, at which some very strong language was used and many damaging accusations made.

Mrs. Dentz and her daughter, Ida, were engaged in cooking, and among other things, baked several custard pies and an apple pie. The latter was placed on the supper-table and partaken of by all the family. Later William and Henry left the house and went to Mr. Robert Andrews', a neighbor, who resides about forty rods away, to visit Mr. Andrews' children. After sitting in the house a few moments, Henry began to turn pale, and going to the door was seized with a severe fit of vomiting. He came back into the house, when Mr. Andrews' son, Elmer, asked him what was the matter. He replied, "I'm sick," and again left the house being seized with another fit of vomiting. On returning the second time Henry said to his elder brother, "Willie, let's go home; I'm sick." William replied, "I'm sick," and they both started for home, it then being about 9 o'clock. A few moments later William Dentz came running back to Mr. Andrews', and rushing into the house vomiting, managed to cry out, "Ma has poisoned us all." Mr. Andrews, who had retired, immediately arose and hastened to the Dentz residence, where he found Ida sitting on the stoop vomiting, and Henry lying on the floor in the house in the same condition. Mr. Dentz had not as yet been attacked. As Mr. Andrews entered the house he saw Mrs. Dentz coming out of the pantry vomiting, and going up to her caught her by the arm, asking her what she had done with the poison. She replied that she had thrown it into the stove. Mr. Andrews then turned his attention to the family and administered the usual emetics. Mr. Andrews, on arriving, found that the condition of Mr. Dentz and the lad Henry was somewhat improved. William and his mother were still suffering greatly, while the daughter, Ida, was in a more critical condition.

Mrs. Dentz, on being questioned as to what caused her to commit the rash act, said, "I was afraid that the — family would come here and either burn our house or murder my family and lay it to me. I've been thinking for a week what I should do. I want to poison them so they will all die at once, and one should not know of the other's suffering."

Accordingly, on Saturday, while baking, she covered the apple pie with a poison known as "Rough on Rats." She said, "I concluded to get supper about 7 o'clock, for I wanted them all to die at home. When I saw William and Henry go out I was afraid they would not come back, but die in the road. I wanted them all to die in the barn."

Mrs. Dentz, the mother, has always been an affectionate wife and very kind towards her children, whom she seemed to love. She is highly thought of by all who knew her, and her recent insane act has cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood.

PHILOSOPHER Jenkins says: "If a woman can't love a man for his virtues she will adore him or his cussedness."

dangerous than when conducted on *terra firma*. Polo is certainly an exciting sport, but is attended with too much expense to make it popular. Thus far it has been confined to young men with plenty of their father's wealth. Dressed in fancy costume, they make a very picturesque scene galloping recklessly over an open field, knocking hither and yon the polo balls.

For a wonder the belles of America have not attempted to imitate their male prototypes in this game. They have rode races, walked against time, played base ball and billiards; in fact, have allowed the lords of creation the monopoly of but few sports. Their principle has been so far to follow wherever the males led. But polo has proved what in sporting parlance is called a "stumper" for them. Not so with the dashing beauties of Mexico. Educated from their childhood to ride a horse, polo is just the game at which they feel perfectly at home. A correspondent of the *GAZETTE*, while traveling through Mexico, witnessed a game of polo played by a party of Mexican ladies just outside the Mexican capital. Mounted on their blooded steeds, arrayed in the jauntiest costume, they presented a picture worthy the brush of a painter. They entered into the sport with a vim bordering on foolhardiness. The more dangerous the positions, the more daring did they become. A faint idea of the scene may be had from the large illustration which appears in this issue. It is only a question of time when the American girl of the period will contest the laurels of their Mexican sisters in this sport. *Excelsior* is their motto, and thus far they have proved their ability to realize it in whatever they undertook.

EATING POISONED PIES.

A Woman Gives Her Whole Family Rat Bane—She is Made Crazy by the Tongue of Scandal—Herself, Husband and Three Children Narrowly Escape Death.

The residents in Onondaga county, N. Y., are greatly excited over a sad case of poisoning which occurred in that county, by which a mother attempted and nearly succeeded in poisoning her whole family.

About three miles southwest from Jamesville resides Thomas Dentz, a well-to-do farmer, and his family, consisting of three children, Ida, a young lady about twenty-one years of age, and two sons, William, aged about twenty-five, and Henry, aged about fourteen. For four or five years past there has existed a feeling of hostility, almost amounting to a tend, between the Dentz family and another prominent family in the neighborhood. The occasion of it was a scandalous story which was told to Mrs. Dentz by a female member of the antagonistic household regarding the infidelity of the latter's husband.

It is believed that Mrs. Dentz, who is one of those slightly built women of a delicate, nervous temperament, was deranged in mind by the horribl's suspicion that her husband, who had always treated her with the utmost affection, was untrue. Mrs. Dentz's insanity is dated from a scene between herself and the woman in question, at which some very strong language was used and many damaging accusations made.

Mrs. Dentz and her daughter, Ida, were engaged in cooking, and among other things, baked several custard pies and an apple pie. The latter was placed on the supper-table and partaken of by all the family. Later William and Henry left the house and went to Mr. Robert Andrews', a neighbor, who resides about forty rods away, to visit Mr. Andrews' children. After sitting in the house a few moments, Henry began to turn pale, and going to the door was seized with a severe fit of vomiting. He came back into the house, when Mr. Andrews' son, Elmer, asked him what was the matter. He replied, "I'm sick," and again left the house being seized with another fit of vomiting. On returning the second time Henry said to his elder brother, "Willie, let's go home; I'm sick." William replied, "I'm sick," and they both started for home, it then being about 9 o'clock. A few moments later William Dentz came running back to Mr. Andrews', and rushing into the house vomiting, managed to cry out, "Ma has poisoned us all." Mr. Andrews, who had retired, immediately arose and hastened to the Dentz residence, where he found Ida sitting on the stoop vomiting, and Henry lying on the floor in the house in the same condition. Mr. Dentz had not as yet been attacked. As Mr. Andrews entered the house he saw Mrs. Dentz coming out of the pantry vomiting, and going up to her caught her by the arm, asking her what she had done with the poison. She replied that she had thrown it into the stove. Mr. Andrews then turned his attention to the family and administered the usual emetics. Mr. Andrews, on arriving, found that the condition of Mr. Dentz and the lad Henry was somewhat improved. William and his mother were still suffering greatly, while the daughter, Ida, was in a more critical condition.

Mrs. Dentz, on being questioned as to what caused her to commit the rash act, said, "I was afraid that the — family would come here and either burn our house or murder my family and lay it to me. I've been thinking for a week what I should do. I want to poison them so they will all die at once, and one should not know of the other's suffering."

Accordingly, on Saturday, while baking, she covered the apple pie with a poison known as "Rough on Rats." She said, "I concluded to get supper about 7 o'clock, for I wanted them all to die at home. When I saw William and Henry go out I was afraid they would not come back, but die in the road. I wanted them all to die in the barn."

Mrs. Dentz, the mother, has always been an affectionate wife and very kind towards her children, whom she seemed to love. She is highly thought of by all who knew her, and her recent insane act has cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood.

PHILOSOPHER Jenkins says: "If a woman can't love a man for his virtues she will adore him or his cussedness."



FIELD SPORTS AMONG THE FAIR--FEMALES WHO



WHO ISK NECK AND LIMB IN THE INTERESTS OF FUN.

SCENES IN SPECIAL SESSIONS.

Idiosyncrasies and Peculiarities of the Delinquents Who Come Before Tombs' Police Justices—Trials and Tribulations of Law-Breakers.

He looked like a walking morgue as he came up before the bench. His business was unloading bottles, and he had worked so hard at it that he had worn all his cloth sout. He wore his hair cut long and a black eye, and the charge against him was pugilism. The other principal in the encounter was his wife. The deacons and pew openers in the special sessions read the riot act to the congregation, and intimated that if any one of them moved, even so much as an eyelash, there would be considerable trouble. The dastardly opponent of woman's rights hadn't entirely recovered from his last debauch, and when the Judge asked him what the charge was, he said he guessed he wouldn't charge anything, and started to go out. He evidently thought he was going right home, but the policeman who shook hands with the tail of his coat disagreed with him.

A little blue eyed and nosed woman made the complaint. She averred that her husband was a kind of politician in his way, and was never so happy as when he was enveloped in a blue coat and cap, and was carrying a torch. She said he spent all his money for benzine, and hinted that he even drank the contents of the lamp he carried. He probably wanted to become a torchlight procession on his own hook. When she remonstrated with him he remonstrated with her with a coal shovel.

His Honor read a lecture on "The Uses and Abuses of the Coal Shovel, and sent the wife-mauler up until after election.

A dirty-faced tow-boy was the next victim of misplaced confidence. He had been caught with a woman's pocket around his hand, and when he answered the roll call he looked as if he was real sorry.

"Ah!" said his Honor, "it seems that all tow-boys are alike. They are continually getting their hands into other people's pockets. For fear that some day you'll take it into your head to run for president, I've a mind to send you up for life."

The boy promised that he wouldn't if the Judge would commute his sentence to hanging. The three judges held a long consultation, and finally told the boy that if he didn't go right straight home they'd tell his mother. He promised, but after the court adjourned he was seen on the next block, making faces at One Lung the Chinese laundryman.

The next man that was fished out of the pen was a woman. Her right name was Margaret Long, but, as usual, she gave a fictitious name. She resided on a plantation near Harlem. Another woman made the charge. She said in effect:

"Your Honor, I want to get all the law a lone woman is entitled to in this great and glorious country. This woman and I do be neighbors. She do have ten geese. They do insist upon straying into my parlor an' eatin' up everything they foind. She do have a goat, an' last Windyside it ate up a pair of little Molkey's pants. I put some arsenic on another pair an' led them out on stoop. She kem over after the funeral an' walloped little Molkey, an' whin I battoed her over the head with a pucket, she grabbed me be the back av the neck an' put me up to the shoe stings in the horse-tub. Faith, I was nearly drownded, so I was. If yez'll foine her \$100 I'll give yez half, so I will."

His Honor remarked that he could find no precedent for such behavior on his part and discharged the prisoner. The complainant swore to take the law in her own hands, but as no arrests have since been made it is to be presumed that she prevaricated.

When the next prisoner left the room on his way to the undertaker's wagon which was to convey him to the land he looked as if he thought that New York was the meanest town over which the Star Spangled Banner flapped its wings. The charge was assault, and William Patterson was the complainant. He was unfortunately absent, and a cross-eyed police-man made the charge.

"Are you the man that struck Billy Patterson?" asked the court.

The man answered in silence.

"You're the individual whom the whole country has been in search of since the spring of 1735 and fall of '40. On Tuesday night you started out on the war path with just fourteen cents, two dollars, in your pocket. You went hoo-la-ing around town and if you'd have met a locomotive you'd have committed a dastardly assault on the smoke stack for smoking in the street. One William Patterson, Esq., was a valued friend of mine and I have had to support his widow and eight pairs of twins for many years. How much shall we make it? The Union must and shall be preserved."

"I don't want to commit myself."

"Then I'll save you the trouble. I never like to have a man put himself out of the way to please me, so I'll put you out of the way to please the community. We'll call it six months. Snow-shovels will have ripened and passed away ere you return, and it will be kite-time when we see your handsome face again. Good day! The coachman will see that you don't get your feet wet on your way up-town."

As George passed out he looked like a dilapidated comet.

As the next prisoner came out of the pen he was munching an apple. He had a mouth as large as the hippodrome, and it must have taken a whole cow to provide overcoats for his feet. When found by the policeman who introduced him to court he was asleep in Grand street, and when aroused he wanted to know who struck him in the back with the bridge tower. On his way to the station house he fell several times, and told the M. P. that "yer must think I'm made of brownstone to stand that kinder business." He finally lay down in the street, and when the policeman tried to move him he jumped up and assaulted the good Samaritan. That's why he was in court. It had taken three policemen, two citi-

zens, a crowd of small boys and a yellow dog to load him into a furniture wagon, but when he came into court he looked as if he could have brought himself. He denied the charge, and said that the policeman had received the scar on his cheek by falling over him. He said he wouldn't budge, but he budged all the same, and kept on budging until he reached the Island, where he will remain until ear-muffs are out of season.

The next candidate for judicial retribution hadn't any shoes on. They were boots. He had either got his almanac upside down or had picked up an old edition. He had evidently mistaken last Wednesday for Thanksgiving Day, for he went into a Canal street chicken foundry, purchased a shilling's worth of eggs, and slid two dollars' worth of male chickens under his coat. The charge was shop-lifting. He looked too weak to lift a cream-cake, let alone a shop. He pleaded hunger in extenuation of his foul crime, and then said that he only did it for a joke. His Honor remarked that "it was a ruse-to-rob the place," and the officers tickled themselves, but failed to organize a laugh. It was said that a little boy in one of the rear pews really did snicker, but when the officer went to look for him he dodged out of the door without waiting for the collection to be taken up. The prisoner was allowed thirty days in the penitentiary to temp down his high-toned taste.

His Honor remarked that if the officials believed themselves he would use his influence to obtain a holiday for them on Christmas, and the Clerk pronounced the benediction and school was out.

A GIN MIXER'S MASH.

A Betrayed Young Seamstress—A St. Paul Saloon-Keeper Charged With Ruining an Orphan Girl—His Arrest and Confession.

RUSAVILLE, Ind., Oct. 9.—Last winter, about the holiday season, a dapper young man appeared in our streets who at once created quite a hubbub among the fair sex, for it was apparent to the old maids, even, that he was a master of no small pretensions, for he was prepossessing in appearance and shrewd and winning in manners. Any one who was acquainted with the darker paths would readily recognize in this young visitor one who had realized the bitter and sweets of a fast life; but notwithstanding all this, scores of our maidens were ready and anxious to flirt and become one of his admirers. It was but a short time, perhaps in twenty-four hours, that they learned he was a mixer of sour mash, and, in fact proprietor of one of the best saloons in St. Paul, in Decatur county.

This young mixer was ready and never let his chances pass by him to form the acquaintances of his fair admirers. He was well entertained and complimented and enjoyed Rushville society, that he protracted his visit four weeks. Among others that he became so intimately acquainted with was a young lady who followed the honorable position as seamstress in a merchant tailoring establishment, she being compelled to work for her support on account of being an orphan. She has been recognized and complimented by all of her acquaintances as one of the handsomest and most attractive young ladies in Rushville. She has been a quiet, industrious and popular young miss among her associates, and has had suitors that would be an honor to any in our midst.

About three months ago news dispensers began to brighten up and put on that knowing look and serene smile that is always seen on those who are happy to suspect that some erring girl was beginning to realize that her condition could no longer be concealed. It was so with this fair and troubled plier of the needle. Notwithstanding all this array of talent, none could point out the gay Lothario who would be called on to answer the charge of causing the unhappiness of this unfortunate young girl.

Last Sunday morning the population of Rushville was increased by one, and as is customary in like cases, an affidavit was filed through attorneys Helm & McGee charging this young St. Paul mixer as being the one who has caused the unusual and sadly deplored event. "Squire Poe, before whom the affidavit was filed, issued a warrant and placed it in the hands of Constable Carr, who deputized Jesse Stark to go with him to the Scriptural town of Decatur and make the arrest. They visited the town and found the young saloon-keeper at home and a number of guests around him. He was taken to the rear, and listened to the reading of the missive of the "Squire." He was struck as by a thunderbolt, and begged for secrecy, and was allowed to give \$300 bond for his appearance here to answer to the charge of bastardy the coming Thursday. He is well-to-do, and his father is one of the wealthiest farmers of the Lone Tree county, and it is probable that if guilty a compromise will be effected.

A CONSIDERATE SWAIN.

And a Daring Maiden—An Elopement That Was Attended With Danger.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An elopement took place in Troy last week which verified rather forcibly the old adage "that the course of true love never runs smooth." The young lady in question was willing to wed the man of her choice, but her parents were opposed. She informed them that she would carry out her plans in spite of them. Close watch was kept on all her movements. So it was arranged between herself and lover that she would leave her bed, crawl up through the skylight on to the roof, and from thence descend through the house of a neighbor who was friendly to the young folks. The night came. While the young lady was dressing, she fancied she heard her parents coming up to her room, and not to be baffled she sprang through the skylight in deshabille, her clothes on her arm. Very modestly the young man secreted himself behind the chimney while his lady finished dressing. Then they fled, were married, informed the old folks, and now all are happy.

A LUCKY MAN.

Escaping From the Toils of the Law—A Desperate Fight, and a Perilous Flight—Not Born to be Hung.

The history of Harry English's life with his portrait appeared in No. 150 of the POLICE GAZETTE, with a thrilling description of the killing of Constable Frank Warnith. His trial took place at Ridgway, Pa., last week, and the jury returned a verdict of acquittal. It will be remembered that District Attorney Thomas Burk, a Mr. Kreig and Constable Vollmer, of St. Mary's, accompanied by Constable Warnith, of Benninger township, went to Caledonia to arrest English on a charge of forgery. The party surrounded the house and raised an outcry. English appeared at the door for the purpose of making his escape. The party displayed firearms and demanded his surrender. He ran back into the house, followed by Warnith and Burk, the former of whom shot English in the leg as he was running up-stairs. Other shots were also fired. English seized a Winchester rifle while passing through the kitchen and ran up-stairs, and, closing the door, called on the party not to shoot, as he was hit in the leg. When English entered the room Warnith was so close upon him that English turned and shot him, from the effects of which the latter died in half an hour. To escape from the house and gain the woods English fired from the window and seriously wounded Constable Vollmer, who was guarding the door. Vollmer died two weeks after from fever, never fully recovering from the gun-shot wound. English made his escape, being shot seven times while running.

The excitement which followed the escape of the so-called "Elk County Outlaw," was general over the entire state and country, and a reward of \$2,000 was offered for his capture, which was effected two months after at Sheboygan, Mich., by Thomas, of Pinkerton's Philadelphia Agency. Hon. George A. Jenkins of Brookville, J. K. P. Hall, of St. Mary's, Hon. John G. Hale, of Bridgewater, with the district attorney, were counsel for the Commonwealth. Hon. A. G. Richmond; W. W. Ames, St. Mary's, and Eugene Muller, of Bradford, represented the prisoner.

The prosecution followed the line that the persons attempting the arrest were authorized officers of the law, and resistance was offered and murder committed while they were in discharge of their duty. The counsel for English established by testimony that the arresting party were under the influence of liquor at the time and shot at the house and wounded the prisoner; also, that they threatened his life before he defended himself by shooting the officers. It was further proven that the prisoner had previously notified the sheriff that he would peaceably submit to arrest, but would not be taken by a mob.

The case was ably and carefully argued throughout by counsel on both sides, and a dispassionate charge was rendered by the court. It was evident to the jury that English was compelled to act on the defensive, and they justified him by an acquittal.

The case is one of the most notable in the criminal records of the state, and has been watched with the closest interest in Western Pennsylvania and New York. An indictment for forgery is still resting against English, for which he will undergo trial and will probably be convicted.

SKEDADDLEMENT.

Mr. Peggs Runs Away With a Texas Wife and Goes to Arkansas—The Enraged Husband Follows—Arrest of the Guilty Pair.

Some time ago an affair occurred at Earliest, Texas, that created a profound sensation. For some time Mr. John Peggs had been acquainted with the handsome wife of the by no means bad-looking Mr. C. A. McNeil. Finally an irreligious intimacy sprang up between the two, and Mr. Peggs, Mr. McNeil's wife, loved her; in fact Mr. Peggs was off his pins. Mr. Peggs induced Mrs. O'Neill to elope with him. She consented, and taking with her a pretty little daughter, Mrs. McNeil pulled up stakes and accompanied Mr. Peggs. The parties went to Arkansas, passing through Little Rock and finally stopping at Brinkley, where Mr. Peggs secured a situation as teacher of a colored brass band.

Last week Mr. McNeil, accompanied by an officer, arrived in Little Rock. They stated to Chief Counts the object of their visit. The chief telegraphed to Brinkley, asking if the parties were still in that town. An affirmative answer being received, Officer Adams, accompanied by the wronged husband, went over to Brinkley. Before the train arrived at the place, and when McNeil learned that he was nearing the man who had done him so irreparable an injury, he became so furious that Officer Adams very judiciously disarmed him.

When the train stopped at Brinkley, McNeil jumped off and began looking around as though Peggs had promised to meet him, and when Mr. Peggs was brought out, the enraged McNeil jumped on him and would have beaten him fatally but for the intervention of the prisoner's attendants.

Mrs. McNeil did not seem willing to give up her Arkansas home.

"You can never live with me again," said her husband. "I am going to take you to your parents and leave you."

She stuck out her lip and McNeil turned and again jumped on Peggs.

"I don't want to live with you," she said after McNeil had been lifted from Mr. Peggs, whom he had almost driven into the ground.

When the train came the entire party boarded—not at the hotel, but boarded the train. Don't let there be any mistake about this.

All the way, McNeil required constant watching. Once he seized Peggs' horn and struck him a heavy blow, and while changing cars at Little Rock, he jumped on Peggs and badly used him. Mr. Peggs will be treated according to law.

POLICE GAZETTE'S BILL OF FARE.

| SOUP. | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|---|----------------|
| Mock Herring. | Sponge. | Ox Ear. | Cork. | Whalebone. |
| FISH. | | | | |
| Red Herring. | Blind Herring. | Scaled Herring. | Cross-Eyed Herring. | |
| COLD DISHES. | | | | |
| Broken Ice. | Mashed Ice. | Cold Ice. | Baked Ice. | Hot Ice. |
| Paw Iceberg. | Fried Iceberg. | Boiled Iceberg. | Stewed Iceberg. | |
| ROAST. | | | | |
| Buffalo, a la Robe Sauce. | Elk, a la Ham Sauce. | Scared Cow, a la Hoof Sauce. | Turkey, Stuffed with Rubber Shoes. | |
| Antelope, a la Caper Sauce. | Gander, a la Goose Sauce. | Goat, Stuffed with Cotton. | Swan, Stuffed with Red Flannel. | |
| GAME. | | | | |
| Don Pedro. | Old Sledge. | Euchre. | Cassino. | |
| Old Maid. | Smut. | Pitch. | Pitch. | |
| Faro. | High, Low, Jack. | Presbyterian Billiards. | Whist, Pool. | |
| TONGUE. | | | | |
| Old Maid's Lip, Vinegar Sauce. | Curtain Lecture, Old Woman Sauce. | Mother-in-Law Tongue, Son-in-Law Saus. | | |
| ENTREES. | | | | |
| Umbrella, Rain Water Sauce. | Locus on the Half Shell. | Fish Giblets, a la Gin Stew. | Horse Blanks, Fricassee. | |
| PASTRY. | | | | |
| Apple Pie, fluted, machine-made. | Custard Pie, left-handed. | Rubber Pie, with Goodyear's Patent. | Sawdust Pudding, a la Pine Sauce. | |
| Sponge Pie, cut bias. | Round Shouldered Pies. | Leather Pies, with Buckles. | Flax Seed Pudding, a la Mucilage Sauce. | |
| DESSERT. | | | | |
| Erie Canal Ice Cream. | Yeast Cake. | Corn Cake. | Boarding House Cake. | |
| Liver Jelly. | Floating Raft (a la lock 40) Sauce. | Fruit Cake. | Door Jam. | |
| FRUIT, NUTS, ETC. | | | | |
| Peeled Onions. | Osage Oranges. | Snow Balls. | Mandrakes. | Sour Grapes. |
| Thorn Apples. | Red Flannel Caramels. | Hog's Foot Gumdrops. | Horse Chestnuts. | Boiled Acorns. |
| Hash. | Bourbon County Gum Drops. | | | Doughnuts. |
| H. d. H. W. CATHERWOOD'S LIQUORS. | | | | |
| Ice Water. | Soft Water. | Cold Water. | Hot Water. | Hard Water. |
| Revivum. | Boiled Oil. | | Castor Oil. | Magnolia Balm. |

"THE CRY IS,"

**Still They Come --- Recruits
for the Army That Will
Weep, Wail and Gnash
Teeth.**

HUNG HIM ON THE SPOT.**A Babe That Started Life Under
Very Trying Circum-
stances.****WALTER WILL NEVER CAST A VOTE.**

**The State Will Board, Clothe and
Give Him a Steady Job
for Life.**

WHISKY AND BLAZES.

**A Prospective Bride is Deserted by
Her False Lover, and Left
in a Pitable
Plight.**

FRAIL WOMEN BOUNCED.**A QUEER FAMILY.**

Emeline Meaker and Horace Meaker, mother and son, of Duxberg, Vt., have been indicted for the murder of Alice Mesker by poisoning.

A MOTHER'S DEED.

Mrs. Mary Doyle, while probably temporarily insane, threw her two months' old child from a third story window in Jersey City, Saturday night, killing it.

THE EFFECTS OF LIQUOR.

Isaac Ridenhouse of Teagarden, O., went home last week after having imbibed too freely of the ardent, drove his family from the house, and as is supposed, set fire to the dwelling by a lighted torch which he carried, consuming the building and himself; only a handful of bones being found to tell of his sad fate.

A ROUGH ENTREE.

Last Tuesday Elizabeth Snider, a servant girl working in a family at Bell's Camp, Pa., gave birth to an illegitimate child. The birth occurred in the barn, the new-born babe being buried in a manure pile, the mistress of the house suspected something, and unearthed the still breathing child, which had for three hours been buried in the manure heap. The child still lives. The girl charges her ruin to a man living in the lower country.

SWIFT JUSTICE.

While Mrs. Winn, wife of Benj. Winn, a young lady of refinement and high social position, was riding home on horseback on a visit to her friends near Grayson, Mo., when she was seized by a man who whipped her riding habit tightly around her head, dragged her into a ravine near by and brutally ravished her. A party of neighbors started immediately in pursuit of the fiend, overtook him and hung him on the spot. The ravisher proved to be a mulatto married man and laborer on the Winn farm.

WOUND UP.

A telegram from Massillon, O., states that "Fish John," alias John Maier, a notorious character, counterfeiter, keeper of bad house, etc., was murdered on the 3d inst. It seems that John had a fight with an associate in the United States saloon at Massillon, and his enemy cut him in the neck with a large knife, nearly severing his head from his body. Coroner Bock was telegraphed for and left Canton in a buggy at 10:30 o'clock. The victim has figured conspicuously in Stark county crime records for years, and his horrible death creates great excitement.

A BLACK FIEND.

Last week a negro named Alexander Berry attempted to forcibly enter the residence of Mrs. Millhollen, a widow lady, living near Emmet's Mill, Boone County, Mo., for the purpose of committing rape upon Miss Martha, a grown daughter of the above named lady. Berry attempted to break down the door with a rail, but becoming alarmed at the outcry of Mrs. Millhollen and daughter, fled. He was arrested a few days since, and a preliminary ex-

amination had before Justice Sebastian, and in default of bail was committed to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

AFTER THE BOYS.

The grand jury ordered indictments for grand larceny and receiving stolen goods against Lawrence K. Jerome, Jr., and his friends, Patchell and McGibbons, in this city, in connection with the loss of a package of securities valued at \$27,500, by Brayton, Ives & Co., brokers in Wall street, in July last.

A WICKED WOMAN.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., October 5.—Yesterday Mrs. Geo. Hamilton asked an interview with her husband, from whom she had recently separated. He called on her and during the conversation she shot him dead. Cause, jealousy. Last winter she shot and seriously wounded a young girl who had excited her jealousy.

CONVICTED BY A CHILD.

William H. Fairchild, who has, as occasion served, borne the alias of Burton, Clark, Howell or Shoemaker, and who has served terms for various crimes in the Michigan and Ohio penitentiaries, was arrested in Chicago for the murder of an old man named Richard French, whom Fairchild and his wife had enticed to Kansas under promise of taking care of him, and had then murdered in cold blood. The crime first became known to the chief of police of Toledo, to whom the prattling of Fairchild's little girl revealed it. The body of French was exhumed and Fairchild has been followed for some months with the results of his arrest. The murder was committed in 1878.

BOUNCING THE PROSTITUTES.

OWINGSVILLE, Ky., October 4.—Just across the river in Fleming county lives one Art Adams, a rather dissolute character himself, and who always has two, three or four lewd women in his house, making it a regular visiting place for the lower class of the community in that vicinity. Thus things have kept on until the nuisance became unbearable, and the Regulators, although disbanded, reorganized for the special benefit of Adams and his crew, and visited the house night before last, when they administered to Adams and each of the three women they found in the house with him a sound thrashing, and gave them fair warning to either leave the vicinity or reform their lives. We understand the women have left.

SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

The jury, after an absence of thirty minutes tonight, brought in a verdict of guilty against Walter Winsor, aged sixteen, for the brutal and atrocious murder of Miss Amelia Parker, a maiden lady, aged fifty-seven, in June last, in the town of Johnston, R. I. He beat her with an iron bolt about the head and concealed the body in a disused cellar on the premises, wherein he sought to inflict shameful indignities upon her corpse. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, but betrayed no emotion and refused to open his lips when asked by the court if he had anything to say in extenuation of his crime. His defense had been on the ground of inherent insanity. Winsor's portrait appeared recently in the GAZETTE.

A CRUEL LOVER.

STANFORD, Ind., October 6.—There arrived here a few days ago from Pulaski county Mark Shelton, aged nineteen, and Mary Harper, aged twenty-six, who said they were going to Indians to marry. They came riding double on a horse that belonged to the prospective bride, which was to be sold here to raise funds for the trip. Shelton succeeded in making the sale for \$100. Getting possession of the money, he jumped aboard a passing train and made good his escape, leaving the woman here without a cent or friend to assist her. She telegraphed to the stations below for his arrest, but he had left the train. The woman is a good-looking, buxom lass, and takes her desertion with great grief. Shelton is a low, heavy-set fellow, with blue eyes and fair skin.

A CURIOUS CASE.

A young woman under the name of Carrie Anderson was arrested on the charge of stealing from her landlady in Philadelphia a diamond ring, earrings, and a cross valued at \$1,500, in this city last Monday. The prisoner said Anderson was not her real name, and refused, on account of her family, to disclose it. She said she had been well educated and was married a few years ago, but, as her husband was unable to support her, she went on the stage. On the night of the robbery friends invited her to a supper party and plied her with wine until she was intoxicated. A man took her to a disreputable house, and scarce knowing what she did she went into the landlady's room and took the jewelry. The following morning she had not the courage to return the valuables, but, giving them to a friend, she fled to New York. When her husband learned of her escapade he beat her. She says, should she escape punishment, her only recourse would be the street. For over two years she has led a life of misery, and sooner than go on the street she avows her intention of committing suicide. She hopes to be convicted. The diamonds have been recovered.

To Be Queen.

[With Portrait.]

Among the gay women of Paris Mlle Houget is one of the most famous. Her friend, Cora Pearl, the famous queen of the Parisian demi-monde, regards her as a legitimate successor to the questionable honor she has so long enjoyed. Mlle Houget is as fair as she is frail, and her turnout on the Boulevard never fails to excite admiration.

A Heroine.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Lizzie Baymer has won the velocipede championship of the Pacific coast by feats which astonish the natives. Plucky and ambitious, she has beaten all who tried their metal with her. She now holds the champion belt, besides many other valuable prizes.

CHASED AROUND THE WORLD.

A Noted Criminal Captured at Last—He Abconds from New York with \$200,000 and is Followed Around the World into Arizona.

"There is my man in the corner of the car."

"What, that well-mannered individual with handcuffs on?"

"Yes, he is the man, and I doubt if ever a fugitive gave an officer a longer chase."

The above conversation occurred a few evenings ago on the incoming passenger train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road, between one of Pinkerton's shrewdest detectives and a reporter, who boarded the train at Lawrence. No one, to look at the detective casually, would have taken him for the human sleuth-hound that he is, but a second glance at his face and a look from his cold gray eyes work wonders, and it is seen that he is "up to spuff."

The man he had in custody was W. R. Ransom, formerly the trusted cashier of a prominent wholesale silk house in New York, who, in June, 1879, embezzled over \$200,000 from the safe of his employers and took passage for Europe. A clew to his whereabouts were ascertained soon after his flight, and, when he reached New York on Thursday, it can be truly said that he has been chased around the world.

"Is he such a desperate man that you need have him handcuffed?"

"He escaped once from an officer by jumping from a passenger train, and I don't want him to do so again."

"Have you any objections to telling some of the man's wanderings?"

"No, not at all; but he can do it better than I can."

The prisoner was then introduced, and, on his going into an apartment of the sleeping-car, "the darbies" were taken from his wrists, and his story was as follows:

"The causes which led to my leaving New York need not be told, suffice is that a woman had something to do with it, and when I boarded the Bothnia one Saturday of June last year, I thought that I was going away for ever. My identity was carefully protected while on the water, as I appeared to be a cripple and always appearing on deck with a cane. On landing in the old country I went directly to London, and deposited certain funds with a well-known banking-house and settled myself to await quietly the arrival of my "friend" from America. My boarding-house was not far from the celebrated Scotland Yard, and one day I ran across a little notice in a paper that stated that I was supposed to be in London, and that detectives were on my trail.

This started me at first, and after waiting six weeks I left for Paris intending to remain there awhile. In crossing the channel I saw a family I had known in New York, and did not dare go to Paris, so waited a day or two and then went to Spain; but as I could not speak Spanish made my way to Greece, where my French enabled me to get along. At Athens I found files of the New York Herald, and was again startled by reading a telegram from Paris that the people I had seen on the boat crossing from Dover had given me away, and that an officer from the United States was after me.

"Did I have much money? Yes, I had quite a large sum; but the idea that I took \$200,000 with me on leaving New York is ridiculous. Most of the money was lost in Wall street. But to go on with my story. At Athens I met a young Englishman who was traveling for pleasure, and we determined to visit Egypt, to which country we went in November last. All this time I was afraid of my shadow almost, and after stopping several weeks at Cairo took passage for Bombay by way of the Suez Canal alone. It was dreadfully lonesome, this going about alone, and but few Americans were met with. From Bombay I went to Hong Kong, and then foolishly decided to return to America, and took passage on an Oriental steamship for San Francisco. I was a fool for doing it, but the longing came over me and I could not do otherwise. At San Francisco I did another foolish thing by writing a letter to a friend in New York, which fell into Pinkerton's hands, and he at once sent Mr. Halcomb, who now has me in charge, out after me. Before he arrived, however, I was arrested, but escaped and fled to Arizona, but was again captured at Prescott, and here I am. I'm glad I'm going back to New York, as the life I had during the past fifteen months was killing me."

As the story was finished the train was entering Kansas City, and the Times reporter accompanied the officer and his prisoner to the dining-room at the depot for supper.

Ransom was not handcuffed, but the officer never allowed him to leave his side, and when the train on the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Road left for the East the two men occupied a section in the Pullman car. The prisoner realizes that he must suffer for his crime, and told the officer he expected to get ten years in Sing Sing. When arrested he had drafts and cash on his person to the amount of about \$10,000, and was traveling under the name of William Allison. —Kansas City Times.

WILL STRETCH A ROPE.

A Man Who Put His Wife in a Barrel, and Will be Put in a Box.

The finding of the body of a young woman, who had been murdered, in a barrel at Silver Lake, Staten Island, a little more than two years ago and the great hue and cry that was raised over the mystery that attended the case will be readily recalled. At first the remains were supposed to be those of a young woman living in one of the towns up the Hudson river and who had been missing for some time; and subsequently they were reported to be the remains of half a dozen other girls who were missing. The body was finally fully identified as that of Mrs.

Edward Reinhardt and her husband was arrested on a charge of murdering her. On his trial the most conclusive evidence was produced against him and he was convicted. Since that time his counsel has been endeavoring to obtain a new trial for him. The Court of Appeals have finally decided against him, and now his only hope is in the clemency of the Governor. He will be brought up before the Court of Oyer and Terminer in Richmond, L. I., which assembled Oct. 11, when he will be sentenced to hang. He has threatened suicide if the Court of Appeals decide against him, and he will now be closely watched to prevent his carrying out the threat. The danger of interference by the Governor in this case is very slight. The action of the execution in the cases of Cox and Balbo, the latter of whom deserved clemency much more than Reinhardt, leaves little hope for Reinhardt, and he will undoubtedly hang, being the first person killed according to law on Staten Island in more than a century.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

A Young Man Who was Bound to be a Husband—And a Father Who Had a Different Idea.

About six months ago Richard Stevens of Baltimore, aged 24 years, went from that city to Union Bridge, Carroll county. He soon became very popular in society there, being quite a handsome man, and soon after his arrival was introduced into the family of Mr. Mordecai Gosnell, a well-known resident of Carroll county. Young Stevens soon began to pay marked attention to Miss Lula, a pretty young daughter of the family, only fifteen years old. Owing to her youth Mr. Gosnell discouraged the attentions of Stevens, and finally forbade him the house.

About ten days ago it became noised abroad that the couple were preparing to elope; that all the girl's clothing had been spirited away from the house piece by piece, and that Monday last was the appointed day. The father, thoroughly alarmed, hastened to Frederick City, some fifteen miles away, whether he had learned they intended to take flight, and after forbidding any license or marriage, procured a warrant for the arrest of Stevens. He also gave warning in Westminster against the solemnization of any marriage between the couple, on the ground that his daughter was under age.

Meantime the young folks had not been idle. Stevens persuaded the girl to fly with him, and they started toward Frederick.

Mr. Gosnell followed in hot pursuit, and an exciting chase in carriages resulted. The lovers were provided with a swift team, and on the first day of the chase gained rapidly on the pursuing father. On the following day, however, an accident to their team delayed them, and when near Johnstown, in Frederick county, where the ceremony was to have been performed, they were overtaken by Mr. Gosnell. The latter took the girl away at the point of a pistol, and carried her home, where she was locked up.

The runaways, he learned, had passed the night in the haymow of a barn near Johnstown. Mr. Gosnell, after locking up the would-be bride, left his house on business.

During his absence Miss Lula broke out of her bedroom, and fled to the residence of her lover, where she was received and cared for by the latter's sister. Here she was again captured the next day by her father.

On Friday Stevens was tried for abduction and acquitted. Then he sought his sweetheart at her father's residence, and was enjoying a hidden interview when the stern parent unexpected made his appearance. Another scene followed, resulting in Stevens being driven from the house by Mr. Gosnell, who threatened to shoot him if he again came near his daughter. Within an hour Miss Lula again fled and joined her admirer. They started off foot down the country road to a friend's, where they expected to obtain a carriage to continue their flight. Young Stevens, half carrying the girl, was urging her to renewed speed, when the father again overtook them, and tore the girl from her lover. Mr. Gosnell drew a pistol and fired four shots at Stevens, wounding him twice. One ball shattered his left arm, and another grazed his head, rendering him senseless.

Mr. Gosnell returned home with his daughter, who was almost frantic with grief at the treatment of her lover, who was left for dead in the road. The father placed the girl on a train, and yesterday passed through here en route for Ohio, where Miss Lula will be put in charge of an aunt. Stevens is said to have started in pursuit, with the determination of carrying off the girl if he has opportunity.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Louise Montague has been before the public for some time, and has been constantly acquiring new laurels in her profession. Vivacious in her style, she at once captures the hearts of her admirers. Her chosen line is that of burlesque, and among the talented beauties who represent this part of the profession, she holds a prominent place.

A Murderer at Large.

[With Portrait.]

A reward of \$200 is offered by the mayor of Vincennes, Ind., for the capture of Edward Hogan, who murdered Douglas Williams, of that city. Hogan is 5 feet 10 inches in height, 165 lbs. in weight, well built, stands straight, gray eyes, short black hair, and looks to be about 26 years of age. Detectives all over the country have now an opportunity to distinguish themselves, and add a little sum to their effects.

A Danbury young man bought an accordion and took lessons. A month later his wife presented him with an heir. Not being able to hold its own, the accordion is offered for sale.



UNEVENLY BALANCED—A CORPULENT GENTLEMAN SITS DOWN ON A SEAT WITH A BABY IN ST. LOUIS, AND SENDS THE LATTER HEAVENWARD, WHILE HE GOES THE OTHER WAY.

A BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

How a Hard-Hearted Father Acted with a Daughter, and the Tragic Results that Followed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Annie Chaplin, daughter of a director of the First National bank at Warsaw, Ind., presented a cheque for \$300 at the bank, the other day, and got the money. Her father soon discovered that it was a forgery, and had her and her lover, a sewing-machine agent named Smith, arrested, refusing afterward to bail her out. Smith secured bail. Many friends of the family endeavored to persuade Chaplin to release his daughter, but he refused, stating that she would then elope. Smith called at the jail to see the girl, and they passed out in the yard for a promenade. In a little while four pistol shots were heard, and, running to the place from whence the report seemed to come, the jailor found the girl and Smith dead, their bodies lying side by side. He had shot her, then himself.

The Perils of St. Louis Babies.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As an illustration of the peculiar dangers which attend the bringing up of babies in St. Louis, a paper of that city relates the following: In the parks of this noted summer resort some of the benches have but one standard, and the other day, after a nurse girl set a baby down on one of these benches, and turned away to devote herself to her duty of gossip, a substantial gentleman sat down on the other end of the bench, and as it had no leg, the baby flew up into a tree and had to be taken down by a man with a stepladder.

A New Game.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A female shoplifter was detected in a shrewd trick in this city the other day. She had a baby in her arms, and although she was closely watched and finally arrested, nothing could be found upon her.



A YOUNG GIRL MURDERS HER MISTRESS, AND WHILE IN JAIL IS VISITED BY HER MOTHER, WHO WITH A CRUCIFIX FORCES HER TO CONFESS HER CRIME: MANITOWAC, ILL.

At last it occurred to the officers to examine the baby, beneath whose long clothes were found several hooks, attached to which were two pairs of shoes, two silk handkerchiefs, a dress pattern, etc.

CONFESSING TO HER MOTHER.

A Young Girl in a Western Jail Owns to a Horrible Murder.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Anna Stroker, who has been on trial at Manitowac, Ill., for the murder of her employer, Miss Nancy Haywood, was visited by her mother, who, holding up a crucifix and adjuring her to tell the truth, got from her a confession of the murder, which she afterward repeated in court. She said Nancy scolded her and called her "crazy" one Sunday, which so exasperated her that she pushed her mistress down on the floor, and picking up an axe struck her on the neck and head, and finding her lifeless dragged her into the yard and concealed the body. She misled the neighbors who found the body. The girl is only seventeen years old, and can neither read nor write. She has hitherto shown no signs of guilt.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT DEBTS.

How a Landlady Got Revenge on a Delinquent Boarder.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A funny case was recently tried before one of the police courts of this city. A young man engaged board in a fashionable house, paid promptly for two or three weeks to make himself "solid," and then began to "hang it up." Quite a large sum was due, and his landlady requested its payment. The delinquent immediately became indignant at her presumption in dunning him, and threatened to leave if it occurred again. That night the landlady went to his room, and while he was asleep took every article of clothing from the room. She held him prisoner for three days, without a mouthful to eat, and then released him. He had her arrested for stealing, but the justice, after hearing the case, decided that he was a "beat" and deserved what he got.



A NEW SHOPLIFTING DODGE—A FEMALE THIEF WHO CARRIES A BABY IN HER ARMS, AND MADE ITS FLOWING SKIRTS A COVER FOR STOLEN GOODS; NEW YORK CITY.



A NEW WAY TO COLLECT DEBTS—A LANDLADY TAKES A DELINQUENT BOARDER'S CLOTHES FROM HIS ROOM, AND KEEPS HIM A PRISONER FOR A WEEK FOR THE PURPOSE OF OBTAINING REVENGE; NEW YORK CITY.



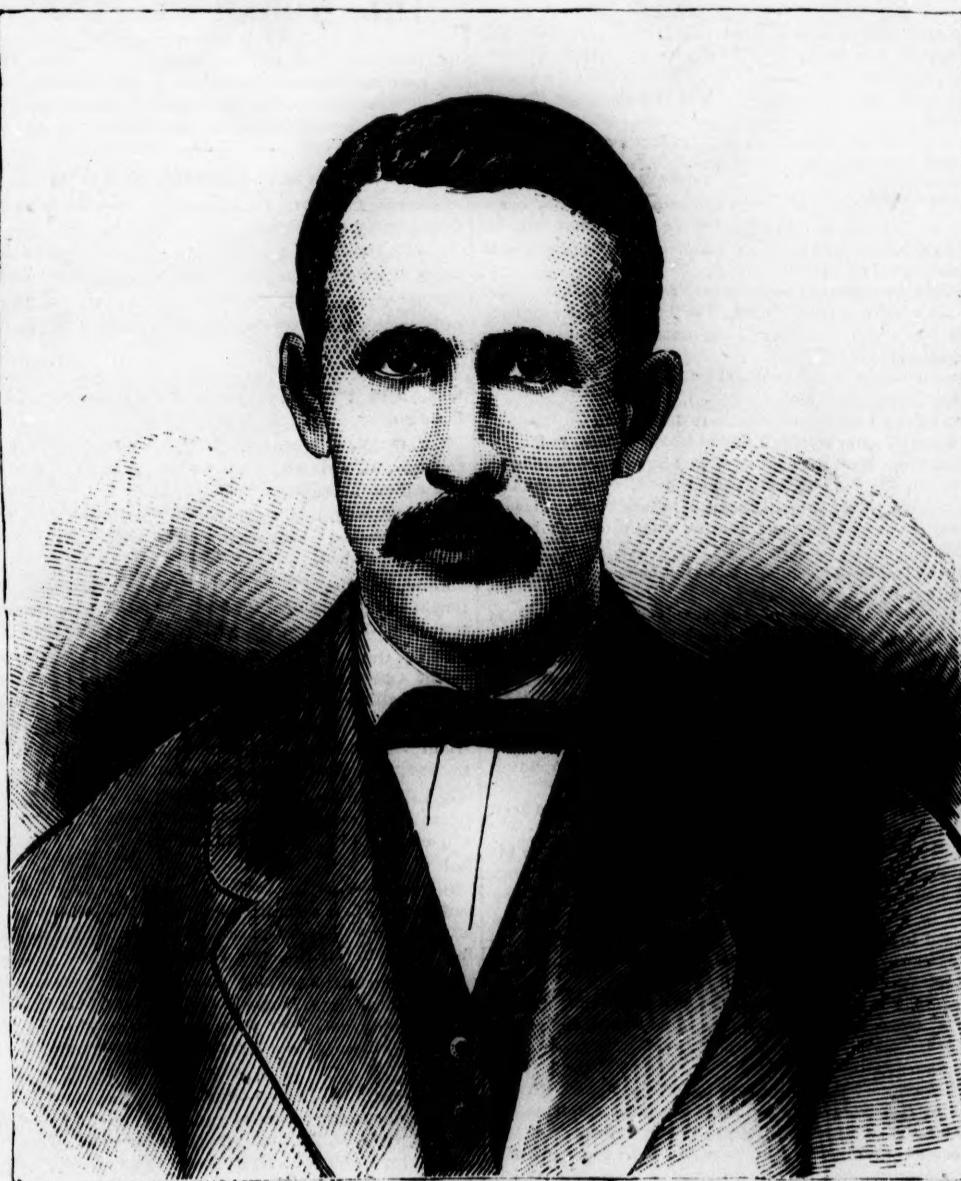
A FATHER HAS HIS DAUGHTER IMPRISONED FOR FORGERY—SHE IS VISITED BY HER LOVER, AND BOTH DIE TOGETHER RATHER THAN SUFFER DISGRACE; WARSAW, IND.

A BRIDE'S TOGGERY.

What an Inquisitive Reporter Saw
Which was Intended to be Strictly
Private.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A freshly made bride at the Sedalia, Mo., depot went down in her pocket after her purse and discovered that it was missing. She came to the conclusion that it was in her trunk, which was on the baggage truck, and having it set out on the platform, opened it and began a search, which was rewarded with success. The eyes of the newspaper fiend were greeted with more things than he ever saw before—more than was even dreamed of in his philosophy. When well dressed, a woman is fearfully and wonderfully thrown together.



EDWARD HOGAN, MURDERER OF DOUGLAS WILLIAMS, AT VINCENNES, IND.; \$200 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE.

MARRIAGE OR DEATH.

A Maiden Who Would Have a Husband—Failing, She Becomes a Murderess.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few days since the daughter of old man Adams, a white man skulking in the Creek nation, shot and killed the postmaster of Tuisa, Indian Territory, named Church, because he would not marry her.

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

BARNEY AARON, HERO OF MANY FISTIC BATTLES, AND SECOND IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTS FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.



A GRASS WIDOWER OBTAINS ADMITTANCE TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW AND WIFE'S APARTMENTS BY DISGUIISING HIMSELF AS A FEMALE, AND THEN TRIES A PISTOL AS A PERSUADER; NEW YORK CITY.



AN INQUISITIVE MALE SEES THE CONTENTS OF A BRIDE'S TRUNK, AND SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF FINE FIGURES, GREATLY TO HIS ASTONISHMENT; SEDALIA, MO.

Sitting on a white horse, he was riding by the log shanty of the Adamses when the woman hailed him with a revolver hidden under her apron, and standing in front of the house, asked Church, also a white man, the usual leap-year question, to which he gave an emphatic "No." Deliberately she raised the pistol and sent a 45-caliber bullet through his heart. He still sat on his horse, the blood running down either flank, when she again took aim at the heart. The swaying body received it just above the heart, the ball crashing through and splitting the shoulder blade. The man fell dead at her feet, and she then dragged the body to the side of the road, took off her apron and spread it carefully over the dead face, caught her pony, and, riding to a neighbor, told what she had done. In the quaint language of the frontier, she said: "You 'uns will find his body down by the road and you'd better take care of it before the hogs eat it." She then rode to another neighbor, two miles the other way, passing by the body



A FORLORN WOMAN PROPOSES MARRIAGE, HAS HER SUIT REJECTED, AND OUT OF REVENGE SHOOTS THE OBJECT OF HER AFFECTIONS, AND BURIES HIM BY THE ROADSIDE; TUISA, I. T.

as she went. Then, piloting one of the neighbors to the scene, she dismounted, and coolly went about her work. Through fear of lynching, however, herself and father took their skiff and started down the Arkansas river, but were picked up two days later by Indian police, and are awaiting trial in the United States jail at Fort Smith.

A GRASS WIDOWER'S RUSE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Captain Frank Elkington, whose family troubles have frequently found their way into print, was again locked up in the Yorkville Police Court by Justice Bixby. The charge against him was made by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Margaret H. Miles, who asserted that he had made his way into the apartments of herself and his wife disguised as a woman, and



HENRY JOHNSON, A LAWYER OF CARROLLTON, ILL., CHARGED WITH ATTEMPTING TO OUTRAGE A LITTLE GIRL.

threatened to shoot Mrs. Miles if she did not allow her daughter to return to him.

A Foolhardy Young Lady.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Several young ladies from Wappingers Falls, N. Y., went to a neighboring town to visit, and after satisfying their curiosity by "sight-seeing" they took the track and went towards the draw bridge. When a short distance from the first bridge the Saratoga ex-

press was heard approaching and one of the girls wishing to display her courage placed her head on the track, and did not move until the engineer blew the whistle twice, and then it was nothing less than a miracle that she escaped, as she was but three feet from the track when the train went whirling past.

Quick Repentance.

There has been great excitement for a week or more over the mysterious disappearance of Etta Henderson, aged eighteen, the handsome and accomplished daughter of wealthy parents near Ellwood, N. J. She was given up as dead until recently, when she returned as mysteriously as she departed, in great mental excitement. She said a young man, for whom she formed an attachment, persuaded her to leave home under promise of marriage. After two days in New York he deserted her. She carefully shields the man's name, but his identity is thought to be established.

"THE" ALLEN.

His Graphic Story of Bill Poole's Death--The Stanwix Hall Butchery--The American Fighter's Desperate Struggle for Life.

AN ORGANIZED ASSASSINATION.

How Lew Baker Was Tracked Across the Ocean--An Escape That

RECALLS BOSS TWEED'S.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]
Bill Poole met his death on the night of February 24th, 1855.

At about 10 o'clock that evening Poole left the Bank Exchange in company with Charley Lozier, Jimmy Acker, Cy Shay and The Allen, intending to go home. The party stopped to get a drink at George Scarf's, at the corner of Grand street, and then strolled up Broadway.

Stanwix Hall had been lately opened opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. It was a handsome liquor store and bar-room, with a yard in the rear giving access to Mercer street, and which, in warm weather, was to be used as a summer garden. George Dean was the proprietor.

There were several parties in the bar-room, among them Mark Maguire, the "king of the newsboys." Poole invited everybody to drink but Maguire. The latter, not unnaturally, took exception to this discrimination and made no scruple about saying so.

Poole remarked that he believed he had a right to choose his company, when he was paying for the drinks, and Maguire retorted still more sharply. A wordy quarrel grew out of this and Maguire said:

"You're too big for me, but if we were equal I could kick you blind."

Poole quickly went behind the lunch-counter, and getting a bread knife, with a blade over a foot long from the shelf, threw it at Maguire.

"Now that will make us equal," he said, "I am unarmed."

While this squabble was going on, Chris Hogan, the detective, came in. George Dean called on him to arrest the men. Hogan got hold of Poole and Maguire and parted them, while quite a lively little fight broke out between their friends.

At this juncture the door opened and John Morrissey with several friends entered.

The picayune fight ended at once.

Morrissey walked up to Poole and poured out a torrent of the vilest abuse at him, to which Poole retorted by stripping off his coat. To this pantomime invitation there could be but one reply.

Morrissey, nothing loath, imitated his example.

Some of the outsiders closed around them and tried to prevent the fight, but this only enraged Morrissey the more, and drawing a revolver, he snapped it three times at Poole's head.

The latter was unarmed, and his calmness made Morrissey so wild that he hurled the pistol to the floor and vainly begged some one to give him another.

George Dean had meanwhile sent for the police and his messenger had met Morrissey's friend, Lew Baker, on the way and told him what was going on.

Baker hurried to the scene, and, taking in the situation at a glance, made no attempt to interfere.

The police, headed by Captain Charles Turnbull, himself, arrived directly after Baker, however, and arrested Morrissey.

They took him out by the front door. Poole stepped out by the back way into Mercer street, followed by Allen.

Chris Hogan sprang after them, but The Allen threw him in his way and gripped him by the heavy red neck-tie he always wore. In the struggle the tie was torn off, but the detective had delayed so long that Poole was out of sight.

He had gone to the Eighth precinct station-house, whither Morrissey had been taken, and given himself up.

There were no charges, so the foemen were not held. Captain Turnbull, however, exacted from Morrissey the promise that he would not come above Canal street again that night.

In accordance with this pledge he went down to Ling's sporting headquarters at Canal street and Broadway, where he remained till he went home to 55 Hudson street, where he was living with his newly married wife and his father-in-law, and Poole, Lozier, Acker, Shay and Allen went back to Stanwix Hall.

Poole apologised to Stan for the late disturbance and after several drinks were discussed along with the events of the evening, as a matter of course, the American champion remarked that it was time to go home. It was then nearly 1 o'clock. The saloon was supposed to be closed and the curtains were all down, but there were people still drinking yet, and the front door was not locked.

As Poole started out the door opened suddenly and Lew Baker, Paugene, Melly Lunn, Dod Cunningham, and several others entered. Among the party was Jim Turner, who had just got back from California, having been run out of San Francisco by the vigilantes.

Paugene was the last to enter and as he came in he turned the key in the lock and made the door fast.

Every soul present knew now that there was to be bloodshed.

Poole, who had leaned up against the bar to let the incoming crowd pass, had his eye on Paugene when the latter locked the door. That ruffian noticed it and remarked:

"What are you looking at, you black-muzzled—?"

"At you," was the reply.

"You're looking at a man, then, and that's more than you can say when you see yourself in the glass. Oh! you're the American fighter, are you? Why, Morrissey can lick you on sight."

And seizing Poole by the lapel of his coat he spat in his face.

There was a general drawing of revolvers among Paugene's followers, but Poole remained calm.

He was unarmed, and had no show whatever against such a crowd as he well knew.

He shook his insulter off and quietly offered to bet \$500 he could whip any of the party fairly.

Jim Turner, who had been fidgeting nervously about, called out:

"Oh h—! Let's sail in anyhow." And throwing his heavy cloak back over his shoulders he drew one of the long barrelled "taranta" pistols in common use among the Mexicans and miners and levelled it over his arm at Poole. As he pulled the trigger someone jostled him, and the ball ploughed into his own arm.

This was the signal for a general fusilade.

And also for a general scamper.

Unable to get out, those who didn't yearn for the deadly sport, took refuge in the closet and behind counters and stools, and one frightened individual, George Deagle, actually walked into a pier glass supposing it in his terror to be an open door.

Poole, meanwhile, had received a shot in his leg. But he clinched Paugene, and as the latter backed toward the front door another ball entered his assailant's shoulder.

Poole released his hold and fell across the door which someone had meanwhile gotten open.

As he fell Lew Baker made a rush for him.

Charley Lozier struck him, but Baker did not halt.

Bounding upon the prostrate man he pressed him down with his knee on his chest and fired, driving the ball from his revolver into his heart. Before Poole's friends could get at him he sent another shot into his victim's body.

There had been a sudden lull in the fight as this tragedy eventuated,

The sharp barking of the revolvers, the jingle of breaking glass and the oaths, blows and outries of the combatants had suddenly ceased; under the pall of urgent swelling, smoke and dust only the crack of Baker's deadly pistol had been heard.

There was scarcely a second's interval between the first and second reports.

Then, as Poole's friends sprang at his assassin, Baker jumped to his feet and rushed out at the open door.

He would have been captured then if it had not been for Jim Turner.

That personage seemed to have had enough after his first unlucky shot. Directly after he had wounded himself he had dropped, and hugging the floor during the fight to keep out of the way of the balls, had dragged himself towards the door.

He was close to it when Baker fired his last shot and, leaping over him, made off.

Lozier, Shay and the rest tripped over him, and all hands were mixed up on the floor when the police arrived.

Poole was alive but insensible.

He lay upon his back, covered with blood and with his clothing torn to rags, breathing in fluttering respirations. An ambulance was sent for and pending its arrival the witnesses of and participants in the fight were arrested and marched off. In the wrecked saloon, filled with smoke like that which hangs over a battle-field, the dying man with couple of his faithful friends around him, remained for some time. The dawn was brightening in the east when the ambulance bore him on the last journey through the streets of the city; he was never to wake alive.

The entire police force was set to work to capture Poole's assassin.

But Baker, like the late Boss Tweed, was too much for them; in fact, the whole circumstances of his escape and final apprehension remind one of the later experience of the chief of the great ring.

Tweed, as every one knows, after escaping from Ludlow Street Jail remained hidden about the city until he got a chance to embark on a vessel bound for the West Indies, and was finally seized while serving as a common sailor on a merchantman at a Spanish port.

Baker's story might be told in almost the same words.

After getting out into Broadway he tossed his revolver into the gutter and hurried down the street. He was hidden in a dark doorway when the police passed hastening to the scene of the murder, with the murderer so close to them that he might almost have touched them with his outstretched hand.

That danger past, he went to the Spartans Headquarters, where Ling kept him concealed till word was brought next afternoon by one of the many scouts kept on the lookout that the house was to be searched.

Then Baker was smuggled out through the scuttle and across roofs to the old Apollo Hall Assembly Rooms on Broadway, where he got down through the trap door and up out of the cellar way to a coach provided for the purpose.

He was driven to the house of one of his friends, Frank Willey, in Broome street.

For a week or more he remained quiet there, often seeing from a window the people who were scouring the town for him pass through the street. His chief amusement as it was Tweed's years afterwards, consisted in reading the stories about himself in the newspapers and laughing at the theories indulged in in regard to his whereabouts.

Only one thing angered him.

Poole, with the lead of his pistol in his heart, lingered on, and from day to day was reported alive.

After some time of concealment at Willey's, Baker's host brought him a suit of rough clothes such as seamen wear, and having attired himself in these the fugitive was taken down town and shipped as a common sailor on the brig Isabella Jewett. That vessel was already cleared for the Canary Islands, and next day—March the 10th—sailed.

Five days after he had left, the secret of Baker's flight was divulged.

It was not deemed possible to overtake the brig, and the pursuit was about to be abandoned, when George Law placed his clipper yacht, the Grapeshot, at the disposition of the authorities.

The splendid record of that craft for speed suggested a hope of success, and she was dispatched at once with a strong crew and a number of officers on board.

The Grapeshot arrived in the harbor of Tenerife after a splendid passage, and found that the Isabella Jewett had not yet reached her port.

A few hours afterwards a brig was reported in the offing.

There was no extradition law in those days, so the Grapeshot was got in trim for a sudden departure and a boat was lowered to board the brig.

The officers were alongside of the Isabella Jewett before she came to, and one of the first faces they singled out was that of their quarry, who was engaged with the sailors in clearing the cable preparatory to letting go the anchor.

He was arrested and hurried on board the Grapeshot, much to the indignation of the captain of the brig and to his own disgust. Sail was made on the yacht without delay, and long before the authorities ashore had been informed of the kidnapping, the kidnappers and their prisoner had left Tenerife far astern.

The first question Baker asked of his captors was whether Poole was dead.

"He died the day before we left," was the reply.

Baker counted on his fingers and said:

"Fourteen days, eh? Well, by —, he was a tough one!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

ALL LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING MATTERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK.

Answers to Correspondents.

AQUATIC, Pittsburg, Pa.—Tom Hyer was the first champion pugilist of America.

POUGH BOY, San Jose, Cal.—Myers is the fastest runner in the world from 100 to 1,000 yards, in our opinion.

P. R., Williamsport, Pa.—George Hazel, the English pedestrian's best time running for 100 miles, is 15h. 36m. 5s.

DOLLY, Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Tom Sayers died Nov. 11, 1865, aged thirty-nine years. 2. Sayers never fought Benedicto.

J. C., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Forward picture, in costume, with sketch, when we can judge if it is worth publishing.

W. A. C., Sherman, Conn.—Dufur and McMahon have never published a book on wrestling, neither is there such a book published.

ROVY, Hamilton, O.—John C. Heenan and Tom King fought in England Dec. 10, 1863, the latter winning in 24 rounds in 35 minutes.

H. W., Omaha, Neb.—We intend to shortly issue a book on the American Prize Ring, with illustrations and pictures of all the noted pugilists.

PHOENIX, Cleveland, O.—Ned O'Baldwin, the great Irish Giant, stood 6 feet 5½ inches in height and weighed, untrained, 284 pounds, trained in condition, 198 pounds.

G. LEX., Charlestown, Mass.—The best bricklaying performance on record was made by William D. Cozzens at Philadelphia, Pa. He laid 702 bricks in 12 minutes, Nov. 4, 1872.

DARBY, Bucyrus, O.—"Blower" Brown, the English pedestrian's best record for six days go-as-you-please, is 553 miles and 170 yards, made in the contest for the English Astley Belt in England, February 16, 1880.

H. S., Burlington, Vt.—Yankee Sullivan was born at Bandon, near Cork, Ireland, April 12, 1813. He defeated Vince Hammond, Tom Secor, Prof. Ball and Bob Cannt, and was beaten by Tom Hyer and John Morrissey in this country.

L. M., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Barnum's Museum at the corner of Ann street and Broadway, was destroyed by fire July 13, 1865. 2. Barnum's second Museum, Broadway and Spring street, was destroyed by fire on March 3, 1868. Neither of you win.

SANTACUS, Parker's Landing, Pa.—One hundred miles have been trotted in ten hours by Conqueror at Long Island, on Nov. 12, 1853. Conqueror's time was 8h. 65m. 53s. 2. Yes, Fanny Jenks trotted 101 miles at Albany N. Y., in 1845, in 9h. 42m. 57s.

DAN S., La Salle, Ill.—1. Peter Morris, the late feather weight champion of England, was never defeated. 2. He fought ten times, winning nine battles, and the tenth battle ended in a draw after two days' fighting. 2. We have not space to give all his battles.

W. F. OWENS, Boston, Mass.—1. It is out of print. 2. Arthur Chambers' picture appeared in GAZETTE No. 81, Billy Edwards in No. 157. John Morrissey in No. 156. Mace, Heenan, Allen, Hyer, Sullivan, McCool and O'Baldwin will appear shortly in the GAZETTE.

W. B., Denver, Col.—Send for the GAZETTE, and in history of the American prize ring from 1812 to 1880, you will glean all the information. It commenced in No. 141 and all back numbers will be furnished promptly if you send postage stamps or post office money order.

H. W. R., Toledo, O.—1. Wm. Pegram, the Boston pedestrian, who is now training in England for the Astley belt, is a colored pedestrian. 2. His best record for six days is 543½ miles, made when he came in second in the O'Leary belt contest, April 5 to 10, 1880, at New York.

RODERICK, Morristown, N. J.—1. The POLICE GAZETTE goes all over the world. It is acknowledged to be the best illustrated sporting journal in America. 2. In handicapping dogs to kill rats the rule is to allow rats for pounds according to the different weights of the dogs entered. 3. NO.

P. S., Crestline, O.—1. Weston walked 105½ miles and 50 yards at London, England, in December, 1876, without stopping, in a six-day contest against time. 2. On April 21, 1876, at Scotland, Wm. Howes, of England, walked 21 miles inside of three hours. 3. Howes' actual time was 2h. 59m. 23s.

W. P., Austin, Tex.—We have no record of the fastest time ever made by a railroad train. On June 21, 1876, engine No. 573 and a train consisting of one combination, passenger, mail and baggage, and one hotel car, ran from Jersey City, N. J., to West Philadelphia, Pa., a distance of 90 miles in 90 minutes, without a stop.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
• Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters
Between Pugilists of the
Past and Present.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK,
BY WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

On the 29th of May, 1858, Pat Sheridan and Jack McCabe fought on the Bloomingdale Road, New York, for a purse. McCabe won in fourteen rounds, lasting forty-five minutes.

While Sheridan and McCabe were ornamenting themselves with their mawleys in New York, at the same time Jack Moss and Bob Kenworthy were battering each other according to the rules of the London prize ring at South Orange, New Jersey. The battle was fought "down by a running stream."

Moss knocked Kenworthy into the water in the first round. The former being afraid he would drown then rushed in to pull him out, but Kenworthy would not let Moss assist him.

In the third round Moss, who had gained strength from the effects of the bathing process, knocked Kenworthy's eye out. Kenworthy still had great confidence in himself, and came to the scratch singing "The Sword of Bunker Hill," and claimed he could whip any John Bull and that he only needed one eye to do it with.

Kenworthy belonged to Bunker Hill, Boston, while Moss was an English pugilist from Chow Bent, Lancashire.

After the fifth round Kenworthy's right eye also began to close and Moss punished him terribly.

In the eighth round Moss knocked the Bunker Hill man into a heap and was hailed the winner.

Moss left the ring saying, "He knocked me into the water, but I have knocked seven year's growth out of him. I wonder if we can sing 'Bunker Hill' now? I tell you boys singing fighters are no good. They were in Oliver Cromwell's time, but that's behind the age."

Norfolk, Va., had the benefit of the next battle. It was with gloves for a champion belt and set of gloves and the championship of Norfolk, Va. The principals were Jack Ganley and Hen Aston.

The fight was decided in the Ugly Club's rooms in Norfolk. Fourteen rounds were fought in forty-five minutes, when Aston was declared the winner. Ganey gained first blood and Aston first knock-down. A tremendous crowd witnessed the mill, principally officers from the Navy Yard and Fortress Monroe.

On June 19, 1858, at Cincinnati, O., Ben Diamond whipped Jack Stark in eighty minutes, winning a purse of \$100.

Stafford Downey of Trenton, N. J., and Patsy McNichols of Philadelphia, Pa., fought on June 21st, 1858, at Morrisville, N. J. Only five rounds were fought when Downey downed Mac by knocking him out of time.

Following this battle Red Cogotin and Joe Walters fought at Brooklyn, L. I. Forty-three rounds were fought in one hour and seven minutes, when Cogotin was declared the winner.

Excited over this battle and the glories of a black eye and a battered phiz, Bryan Duffy of Brooklyn, who rejoiced in the name of "Corktown Thrasher," and Terry McManus, fought at Hamilton, Canada West. Six rounds were fought in twenty-seven minutes which ended the mill and made "Terry join the gang."

July, 1858, wound up with a great battle. The principals were Billy Mullen and Patsy Manion, both New York pugilists.

The battle took place up the Hudson River at Saugerties, N. Y. One hundred and six rounds were fought when both pugilists were so terribly punished that they could hardly stand on their feet.

In the one hundred and seventh round Mullen fell bleeding, battered and exhausted and was unable to continue the battle and Manion was declared the winner. The fight lasted 2 hours and 20 minutes.

A sensation now occurred in the history of the prize in America. John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, having accepted the challenge of John Morrissey, agreed to fight him in Canada for \$2,500 a side, and the heavy-weight championship.

The match was ratified, and October 20th was the day fixed for the mill.

The arranging of this great match helped to increase the interest in prize ring matters all over the country.

Heenan had never fought in the ring, but he was pronounced to be a terrific hard hitter and a hurricane fighter and he proved to be as we shall shortly show during our history of the American Prize Ring.

The next battle was between Martin Churchill of Liverpool, Eng., and Johnny Lazarus (brother to Harry Lazarus). The pugilists fought with gloves at Buffalo, N. Y., on August 2, 1858.

Churchill was twenty pounds heavier than Johnny Lazarus, but the latter's science counter-balanced Churchill's advantage.

The fight lasted forty minutes and ended in a draw. Lazarus had the best of the battle.

Harry Brennan of Liverpool, Eng., then agreed to fight Churchill and both pugilists agreed to fight right the reel in Canada.

The pugilists crossed over in small boats. Churchill secured Jim Duff and James Riley to second him while Brennan had the services of Johnny Lazarus and George Humphrey.

The fight was a one-sided affair. Brennan was out-fought at all points and in 22 rounds lasting 35 minutes, Churchill was declared the winner.

On August 4, 1858, Jack Looney of St. Louis, and Jim Coburn of New York, fought at St. Louis.

Coburn is a brother to Joe and Mike Coburn the famous pugilists. The fight came about in a strange way: Jim Coburn was working at his trade laying brick in St. Louis. He appeared at a boxing exhibition and Jack Looney challenged him to fight. Coburn said that he had been working all day and was not able to fight. Looney said he would fight him for any amount from \$50 upwards.

Coburn pulled out \$50 and said: "I never fought, neither did I come to St. Louis to fight. I've got \$50 and I will go and fight you for it in the morning."

The match was made and it took place five miles from St. Louis, on Aug. 4, 1858.

Looney had fought several fights and had a rough gang behind him, and his friends were confident he could whip Coburn. Looney weighed twelve pounds more than his antagonist.

No ropes or stakes were used, but Shanghai Conners, the giant pugilist who whipped Gallagher, of New Orleans, with Looney's gang kept a space clear.

Both pugilists stripped, but neither were in condition. The weather was extremely hot, and perspiration was running from the pugilists, as they entered the enclosure, in huge drops.

The fight was a desperate one. After 47 rounds had been fought in one hour and four minutes, Coburn's seconds, Jack Taylor and Enoch Davis, became overheated, as it was 95 deg. in the shade, and Johnny Monaghan and Mike Trainor, of New York, had to take their place. Sixty-four rounds were fought, when Looney struck foul purposely and Coburn was declared the winner.

Looney made another match to fight Jim Coburn. The fight took place near St. Louis, Nov. 27, 1858. Looney was seconded in this battle by the notorious Jerry Donovan, of Chicago, and Shanghai Conners, of St. Louis, while Sam Morton and Johnny Monaghan seconded Coburn. Looney had a great advantage over the champion's brother in height and weight, being heavier and taller.

The battle was a desperate one. Looney drew the clarinet in the 9th and first knock-down in the 29th round.

After the pugilists had battered each other out of all semblance of humanity for 70 rounds, fought in 75 minutes, darkness stopped the fighting. Both Coburn and Looney were church members or menders, and were too scrupulous to fight it out on the Sabbath, so the battle was postponed until Monday following, the 29th.

Coburn then understanding that Val McKinney had been bought over by Looney's friends, refused to fight, and Looney was handed the purse. It was the same Val McKinney that nine years after was referred in 1867, when Tom Allen whipped Mike McCole at Foster Island, St. Louis, cheated the former out of the fight and declared McCool won by an alleged foul.

Jim Coburn has since done with pugilism, and is now a noted contractor and sporting man, and a pugilist if necessary.

At Trenton, N. J., August 13, 1858, Jack Abel whipped Bob Wood in 8 rounds, lasting 30 minutes.

Barney Frain then undertook to whip Jack Grady for a purse. The battle took place on August 26, 1858, on Long Island, and Frain succeeded in knocking amazebens out of Grady in 14 rounds, lasting 27 minutes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It now transpired that the five-mile walking match between William Hosgland, of Auburn, N. Y., and F. J. Mott, of this city, for \$1,000, was a regular swindle. William McCoy, of South street, one of the donors of the Panchot six-day belt, was the stakeholder. He detected the fraud, and he returned each party their money back.

RIFLE SHOOTING BY TELEGRAPH.—The rifle match between teams of ten representing Denver, Col., and New Orleans, was shot in its respective city. The New Orleans team scored 380, and a dispatch from Denver to New Orleans showed that the Denver teams had made the same score. The conditions were teams of 10 each to fire 15 shots at 200 yards.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE LEAGUE BASE BALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1859 ENDED SEPTEMBER 30. Chicago won the pennant with 67 victories; Providence gained second position, having won 51 games; Cleveland third position, with 46 games; Troy and Boston tied for fourth position, having won 40 games each; Worcester won 38 games; Buffalo, 25, and Cincinnati, 21.

THE FOLLOWING TROTTERS ARE AMONG THE CLASS THAT HAVE BEATEN 2:20 TROTTING THIS SEASON WITH THEIR TIME: CHARLEY FORD, 2:16 1/2; WILL CODY, 2:19 1/2; MONROE CHIEF, 2:18 1/4; DAISYDALE, 2:19 1/2; KITTY BATES, 2:19; DECK WRIGHT, 2:19 1/2; KEENEY JIM, 2:19 1/2; HATTIE WOODWARD, 2:15 1/2; MOOSE, 2:19 1/2; MAUD S., 2:13 1/2; WEDGWOOD, 2:19; PATCHEN, 2:18 1/2; PARANA, 2:19 1/2.

PATSY LAWSON, OF COVENT GARDEN, AND JACK SWEENEY, TWO NOTED ENGLISH PUGILISTS, FOUGHT RECENTLY FOR A PURSE AT BARNES' COMMON. THE FIGHT WAS CONDUCTED BY THE RULES OF THE LONDON PRIZE RING. THE BATTLE WAS WELL CONTESTED FOR THIRTY ROUNDS, WHEN SWEENEY STRUCK HIS LEFT HAND ON HIS OPPONENT'S HEAD, THE RESULT BEING THAT THE WRIST WAS DISLOCATED. HE, HOWEVER, FOUGHT FIVE ROUNDS AFTERWARD, BUT WAS THEN SO EXHAUSTED THAT THE FIGHT WAS PRACTICALLY OVER, AND THE POLICE APPEARING, THE MEN LEFT THE GROUND. THE CONTEST LASTED FORTY MINUTES.

THE TWELVE OARSMEN HAVE ALREADY NOTIFIED THEIR INTENTION OF COMPETING AT THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO HOLD ON THE THAMES ON NOVEMBER 22. THEIR NAMES ARE AS FOLLOWS: EDWARD TRICKETT, SYDNEY, M. S. W.; ELIAS C. LAYCOCK, SYDNEY, N. S. W.; WILLIAM ELLIOTT, BLYTH; THOMAS BLACKMAN, PUTNEY; JOSEPH CANON, KINGSTON-ON-THEMES; WILLIAM NICHOLSON, STOCKTON-ON-TEE; JOHN HAWDON, DELAVAL; HENRY CLASPER, WADSWORTH; JOHN ANDERSON, HAMMERSMITH; WARREN E. SMITH, HALIFAX, N. S.; EDWARD HANLON, TORONTO, CANADA. ROBERT WATSON BOYD IS NOT A SURE STARTER.

A RUMOR PREVAILED THAT MIKE MCCOOLE, THE EX-PUGILIST, HAD BEEN LOST WHEN THE FLORENCE MEYER SUNK. IT IS NOT BELIEVED THAT THIS IS THE CASE. HE WENT AWAY ON THAT BOAT IN THE CAPACITY OF "SAFETY MAN," HAVING THE CORDAGE UNDER HIS CHARGE, AND IS NOT THE BROKEN DOWN WRECK THAT HE HAS BEEN STYLED BY SOME IMAGINARY PENCIL'S SHOVERS. HE HAS AGED SOME AND SHOWS IT, BUT IS STILL A FINE-LOOKING FELLOW. NOTWITHSTANDING HIS COME DOWN IN FINANCES, HE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND TRUSTWORTHY AND SOBER BY THOSE WHO EMPLOYED HIM. HE WAS NOT ADDICTED TO DRINKING HABITS WHILE IN ST. LOUIS, NOR THE VICE WHICH USUALLY BREAKS DOWN A MAN'S HEALTH.

THE WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN J. MCGILLICK, OF OLDHAM, AND THOMAS WALSH OF WIGAN, WAS DECIDED RECENTLY IN ENGLAND. THE CONDITIONS WERE: CATCH AS CATCH CAN, LANCASHIRE STYLE, FOR \$50. IT WAS THE SECOND MATCH, AS THE ATHLETES WRESTLED ON FEBRUARY 21ST, LAST, WHEN MCGILLICK CLEVERLY DEFEATED WALSH IN 58M. AND 32S. AT THE OUTSET 5 TO 4 WAS LAID ON WALSH, WHICH ODDS WERE INCREASED TO 2 TO 1 ON THE MEN ENTERING THE AREA. WALSH WON THE FIRST FALL AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE, WHICH LASTED 22 MINUTES. A WRANGLE FOLLOWED, AND THE REFEREE WAS INTIMIDATED. HE FACED THE ROUGHS, HOWEVER, AND DECLINED ALL BETS OFF, AND THEN MCGILLICK RESIGNED THE CONTENT.

THE SPORTING LIFE, LONDON, SAYS: THE FIFTH RACE FOR THE ASTLEY BELT, REPRESENTING THE SIX DAYS' PEDESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, IS DEFINITELY FIXED TO TAKE PLACE AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL DURING THE WEEK COMMENCING NOVEMBER 1, AND ALL INTENDING COMPETITORS MUST DEPOSIT £100 IN OUR HANDS ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2. SO FAR AS WE CAN GET AT PRESENT, THE AMERICAN COMPETITORS WILL BE WILLIAM PEGRAM OF BOSTON (CHALLENGER), AND HARRY HOWARD OF MONTCLAIR, N. J. PEGRAM HAS A RECORD OF 543 7-8 MILES, AND HOWARD OF 534 5-8 MILES. THE ENGLISH DIVISION WILL BE REPRESENTED BY CHARLES ROWELL (HOLDER OF THE BELT), "BLOWER" BROWN (HOLDER OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND BELT), AND IT IS NOT UNLIKELY GEORGE HAZEL AND THE VETERAN CORKEY WILL START, FOR THEY ARE IN STRICT TRAINING FOR THE JOB. LITTLEWOOD (THE WINNER OF THE RECENT 72 HOURS' RACE AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL) ALSO MAY BE FOUND AT THE POST.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW JOHN MORRISSEY WHIPPED JOHN C. HEENAN, BUY NEXT WEEK'S GAZETTE. IT WILL CONTAIN JOHN C. HEENAN'S PICTURE, ALSO THAT OF TOM ALLEN, THE EX-CHAMPION OF AMERICA, WHO IS NOW IN ENGLAND TRYING TO ARRANGE A MATCH WITH ALF GREENFIELD.

NO ROPES OR STAKES WERE USED, BUT SHANGHAI CONNERS, THE GIANT PUGILIST WHO WHIPPED GALLAGHER, OF NEW ORLEANS, WITH LOONEY'S GANG KEPT A SPACE CLEAR.

LATEST ADVICES BY MAIL BRING THE REPORT OF A DESPERATE PRIZE FIGHT WHICH WAS FOUGHT AT STAFFORD, ENGLAND. THE PRINCIPALS WERE JOE PA'LER, ALIAS BRUMMOOK, AND JEM BEVANS, BETTER KNOWN AS JEM THE PLUMBER. EACH WEIGHED 140 POUNDS. THE STAKES WERE \$50. THE FIGHT WAS A DESPERATE ONE AND LASTED THIRTY ROUNDS, WHEN PALMER KOCKED BEVANS SENSELESS, AND HE WAS CARRIED FROM THE RING. BEVANS' RIBS WERE BROKEN AND HE WAS TERRIBLY PUNISHED. PALMER, DURING THE ONE HOUR AND EIGHT MINUTES' FIGHTING, WAS ALSO TERRIBLY PUNISHED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MABEL SANTLEY
IN FANCY STAGE COSTUME APPEARING IN FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES. PRICE 30c. AT ALL NEWS STANDS.

PETER DWYER, AGAIN IN THE FIELD, WILL ASSIST THE SCHIVERKA BROTHERS IN THEIR TEMPERANCE WARMER IN HALL, THIRD AV., CORNER OF EIGHTEENTH ST., N.Y., EVERY DAY AT 3:30; MR. BYRON L. FOX WILL PRESIDE AT THE ORGAN; TAKE COURT ST. OR THIRD AV.; SEATS FREE. NO COLLECTIONS.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF—IF YOU WISH TO SEE THE PICTURE OF YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND OR WIFE, WITH NAME AND DATE OF MARRIAGE, GIVE YOUR AGE, COLOR OF EYES AND HAIR AND SEND 25c. MONEY OR 30c. POSTAGE STAMPS TO W. FOX, BOX 38, FULTONVILLE, N.Y.

THE DYING BURGLAR
ILLUSTRATED IN SECOND EDITION OF "GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM." TO BE HAD AT ALL NEWS STANDS.

GENUINE FRENCH TRANSPARENT PLAYING CARDS, EACH CARD CONTAINS A RICH, RARE AND SPICY SCENE VISIBLE ONLY WHEN HELD TO THE LIGHT. WARRANTED TO SUIT. FULL PLAYING DECK OF 52 CARDS SENT BY MAIL FOR 50c. PREPARED. STAMPS TAKEN. J. PATRICK, BOX 2527, BOSTON, MASS.

PATENT COVERS FOR BINDING THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES ON RECEIPT OF \$1.25. BACK NUMBERS OF THE GAZETTE CAN ALWAYS BE OBTAINED BY ADDRESSING THE PUBLISHER, RICHARD K. FOX, WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STREETS, NEW YORK.

LYNCH'S DIAMOND STORE, 225 BROADWAY, NEAR 21ST STREET. THE LARGEST AND FINEST ASSORTMENT OF DIAMOND EAR-RINGS, CROSSES, STUDS, RINGS, PLIQUÉ PEARLS, CAT'S EYES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, &c., AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LOWER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

CONCERT HALLS AND PLACES OF AMUSEMENT
CAN HAVE THEIR PRINTING DONE CHEAPLY AND PROMPTLY. NO CHARGE MADE FOR USING OUR WOOD CUTS, WHICH ARE THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND ORIGINAL IN THE COUNTRY. SEND 3c. FOR SAMPLES TO MANHATTAN STEAM PRINT, 183 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

POKER!—IF YOU WANT TO WIN AT CARDS, SEND FOR THE SECRET HELPER. A SURE THING. IT WILL BEAT OLD SPORTS. ADDRESS H. O. BROWN, SALEM, N.H.

\$66 A WEEK IN YOUR OWN TOWN. TERMING AND \$5 OUTFIT FREE. ADDRESS H. HALLERT & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

PULLING A DISORDERLY HOUSE
GRAPHICALLY DRAWN IN THE SECOND EDITION OF "GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM." FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTORES. PRICE 25c. ADDRESS RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER, 183 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

SCENE'S, RICH AND VERY RARE, 3 FOR 10c., 12 FOR 25c. COTON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CARTE D'AMOUR, VERY GAY, FOR GENTS ONLY; 15 FOR 25c. SMITH & CO., WILLIAMSBURG, N.Y.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY AT HOME. SAMPLES WORTH 5c. ADDRESS H. STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE MANHATTAN STEAM PRINT
HAVE 10,000 WOOD CUTS ADAPTED TO EVERY BUSINESS. MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN WHO DESIRE TO INCREASE THEIR SALES AND PROFITS SEND 3c. FOR SAMPLES TO MANHATTAN STEAM PRINT, 183 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

SCARCE GOODS—BOOKS, PHOTOS, &c. SAMPLE CATALOGUE 3c. PARIS BOOK CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

NIGHT SCENES, 15 FOR 25c. 7 FOR 15c. VERY SPICY. W. SIZER, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A THIEVES' TAVERN
FULLY DESCRIBED IN SECOND EDITION OF "GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM." PRICE 25c. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. BY MAIL, 28c. FROM RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER, 183 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

CHICAGO BY GAS LIGHT—ONLY 10c. ADDRESS L. H. A. DRAWER C., BLOOMINGTON, IND.

FULL DRESS GLOVES AND TIES AT MARK MAYER'S 100 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

LOTTER



SERPENT AND DOVE.
(SEE PAGE 6.)